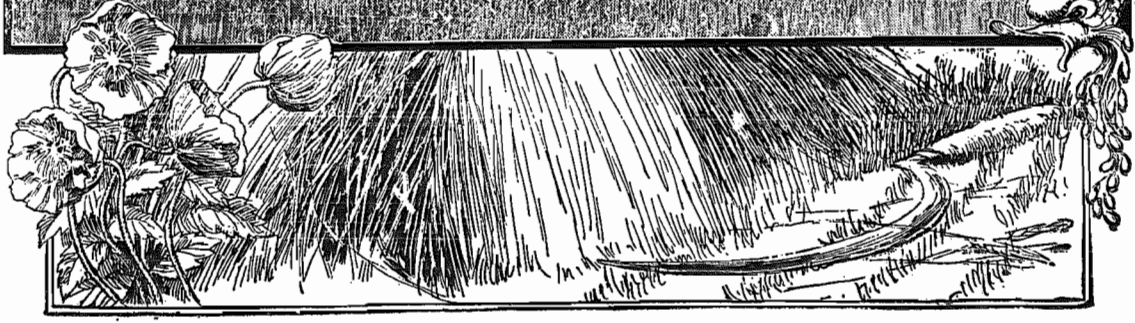
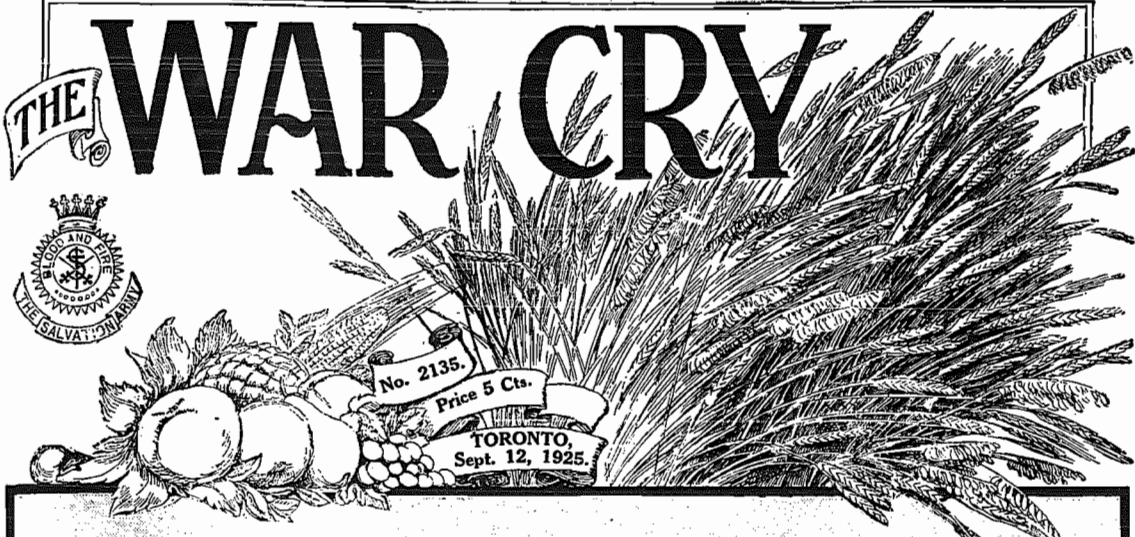


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THE LURE OF SIN

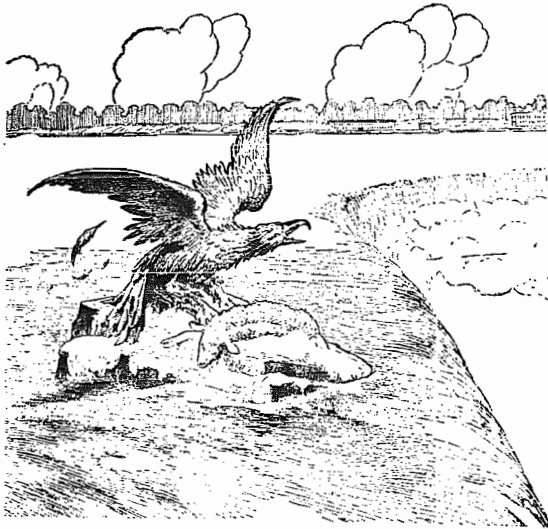
ONE WINTER'S DAY, in its quest for food, an American eagle came upon a small lamb lying near the shores of the upper cataract, Niagara Falls.

Swooping down upon his victim he quickly killed it; then, holding the carcass in his talons, he flew away at a tremendous speed, seeking a secluded spot where such an excellent meal could be enjoyed in peace.

Presently a small iceflow hove into sight. "What an ideal spot for a wonderful feast," thought the hungry bird, and the next minute found the bleeding lamb stretched out upon the flat top of the floating ice with the blood-thirsty bird of prey still holding to its woolly side with the sharp claws that had served both as butcher's knives and carver's hooks. The great bird had now but one thought—enjoyment, indulgence, satisfaction.

That the iceflow kept increasing its speed seemed not to worry the eagle in the least, so intent was it upon the feast so unexpectedly provided.

What if the icy ship upon which the greedy, indulgent, pleasure-seeking bird had taken passage with his torn and lacerated prey began to rock and roll upon the crests of the whirling, foam-tossed waves of the dizzily speeding stream? Had not this very same bird tested the strength of his pinions



The ice-flow carried with it, both the living and the dead

against that of a thousand storms?

Dismissing each new suggestion of alarm, the eagle scornfully refused to give up its prey, even in the face of great danger, until he found himself upon the very edge of the seething waters of the Niagara.

A tremendous effort went for naught and a piercing cry signaled the destruction of a mighty creature who had taken so many chances to gain pleasure and enjoyment, even at the expense of safety.

What had happened? The biting frost had cemented the wounded, bleeding lamb to the ice. The waves of the river had washed up and drenched the downspread tail feathers of the eagle until they, too, had frozen solid with the iceflow. As the iceflow precipitated into the roaring waters below, it carried captive with it, both the living and the dead.

You may be like the eagle in the picture. You want enjoyment, pleasure, fun, a good time. You look around and find your prey; you seize it; you carry it with you; you seek to enjoy it to the utmost. What about the fleeting days of your life? What about your waning powers? Arouse yourself! Face these truths and decide for freedom. Do not remain a prisoner on the iceflow of sin, for there is a blessed Deliverer who can, and who will, save you.

TRIFLING WITH THE COMPASS WHILE THE STORM IS RAGING

THE STORM had been raging for many days, during which time neither sun nor moon nor stars had appeared. The waves were running mountain high, the wind was a raging tempest and the darkness was so dense as to fairly be felt. Few of the passengers had any knowledge of the sea and they were dependent upon the ship's crew to steer clear of the rocks and shoals and finally bring the vessel into the desired haven. The hopes of the crew were dependent upon the chart and compass which had been given to them by those whose knowledge covered both land and sea, and so dependable were these that even in the darkest and stormiest period of the tempest the ship was piloted safely past hidden rock and treacherous shoal.

But, horrors! right in the midst of the storm the crew fell to trifling with the compass and to changing the chart. They commenced to question dates and names and other matters of passing interest, and from these they passed to authenticity and dependability, and ended by setting aside the compass and rejecting the warnings of the chart. They claimed their own eyes and ears and intuitions were to be their guides and that they were to steer the ship by their dictations. They continued to make these claims and to follow the practices which such notions suggest and require, even when the roar of breakers and the swish of the whirlpool became deafening in the darkness, because they were so near.

These things are an allegory, and describe the inhumanity and insanity of those who in the midst of the present world agony and world crisis turn to criticizing and cutting to bits the Word of God. A certain pretensions scholarship would begin by questioning the Mosale authorship of the Pentateuch and conclude by setting aside the Ten Commandments. It would begin by questioning the Virgin Birth and end by nullifying the Sermon on the Mount. It would begin by denying the Apostolic authority of Paul and conclude by ignoring the thirteenth chapter of 1 Corinthians, and expunging the doctrine of Salvation by grace through faith. It would begin by offering naturalistic explanation of the miracles of the Bible

and end by denying the efficacy of the blood of Jesus and the transforming power of the Holy Spirit. It would begin by removing the landmarks which the fathers have set and end by leaving us no guiding star whatsoever.

But the facts are, that every mound in Babylon and every stone in Egypt has yielded testimony to the truth of the Old Testament wherever the spade of the archeologist has been used or the eye of the philologist and anthropologist has been able to read. The caves of Judah and the gates of the ancient cities of Asia Minor and Macedonia have borne steady witness to the dependability of the New Testament. The Bible has nothing to fear at the hands of an unbiased scholarship, but its claims are made more secure whenever its sources are examined.

WORSHIP GOD ONLY

"We also are men of like passions with you." HIS passage is a proof that God's Word gives no countenance to the worship of saints. Barnabas and Paul assert here that they are men of like passions with other men, subject to suffering and death, sinful and in need of the cleansing blood of Jesus Christ, and as such they refuse to allow themselves to be considered objects of worship. The situation is not relieved by making the distinction of grades and kinds of worship; one to be paid to God only, and one to be paid to the saints. The Scripture does not support this distinction, but its constant command is, "Worship God" and Him alone.

NO NEED FOR WORRY

HOW many of us need to hear this consolation? We are like the disciples of our Lord—perturbed and worried with things, private and public, near and remote. Yet Jesus bids them, despite all that was calculated to disturb mind and heart—wars and rumors of wars, deceits and deceptions, hopes unfulfilled and efforts fruitless—"see that ye be not troubled." Suppose the Son of Man stood in our midst; alas! these days of stress and strain, would He not say: "Though peace is banished and rest unknown, yet heart that trusts in Me shall not be troubled!"

Is it too much to ask of you? Do you ask: "How can any refrain from being troubled when we see a world at strife, sees the cause of God being and in full retreat, sees Satan triumphing, and good men perishing; or when one's own concerns are burdensome, and the future dark and uncertain?" Do you ask how one can avoid being troubled? It would be hard to reply unless we recalled who it is that bids men, in face of a menacing future, to "Be not troubled." It is the Risen and Conquering Lord who says this. One who, in face of death and apparent defeat, cried to His depressed and fearful followers: "Be of good cheer; I have overcome the world!" We are on the side of the Overcomer and we are not be troubled.

GREAT REWARD

"I am thy shield and thy exceeding great reward"—Genesis 15:1.

NOT only did Jehovah declare Himself to be Abram's shield, but also "I am thy exceeding great reward." For the sake of his friend's honor and glory Abram had refused the riches of Sodom, and the favors of the world. Now he is rewarded with something far greater in value than all worlds: "I am thy exceeding great reward." Who can reckon the sum of it? The greatest arithmetician is at fault, so exceeding great is this reward. As with the shield so with the reward; it is not "I will be," but "I am." Not only does God defend His loyal children from without by becoming their shield, He is also the inward reward and satisfaction of the lovely heart.

Here is a message to those who are tempted to depression and disappointment because the earthly possessions that others enjoy are denied to them. Let the great Friend of Abram speak to thee, "I am thy exceeding great reward." With God as our shield nothing shall dishearten us or make us fear; and with God as our reward we shall have need of nothing, for to all His friends He says: "Thou art ever with Me and all that I have is thine."

WAVING A LANTERN, BUT

ONE NIGHT a man in a trap was run down at a level crossing. Consequently the old signal-man in charge had to appear in court. After a severe cross-examination he was still unshaken. He said he had waved his lantern frantically, but all to no avail. The following day the superintendent of the line called him into his office. "You did wonderfully well yesterday, Tom," he said. "I was afraid at first that you might waver." "No, sir," replied Tom, "but I was afraid that old lawyer was going to ask me whether my lantern was lit!" How tragic it is that so many Christians are "waving the lantern" in the same way—and lives are lost.

THE HAPPY MAN'S LOT

THE HAPPY MAN was born in the city of Regeneration, in the parish of Repentance. He was educated in the school of Obedience, and later on in the college of Experience; he now lives in the town of Perseverance, where he works at the trade of Diligence, though he has a large estate in the country of Christian Contentment, and often does jobs of Self-Denial.

He wears the plain garb of Humility and, when he goes to court, puts on a better suit called the robe of Righteousness. Although he often walks in the valley of Self-abasement, he takes regular exercise in climbing the mountain of Heavenly-mindedness, breathing the pure air of Faith and Charity. He breakfasts every morning upon Prayer and Communion, and sups every evening upon Rejoicing over Victory. He has meat to eat that the world knows not of, and his drink is the sincere milk of the Word. He sleeps soundly every night upon a bed of Peace and Safety.

Thus, happy he lives, and happy he dies, and then he goes to that city "Whose Builder and Maker is God."

The Family Circle

To assist in the promotion of Christian fellowship at the evening family circle, we suggest the use of the Bible portions and comments here given.

Any converted member of the family should audibly read the portions after the meal is finished and before the members disperse for the pursuits of the evening.

SUNDAY, SEPTEMBER 13th, ACTS 22:25-30. "BUT I WAS FREE BORN."

Paul's father or grandfather must have received this Roman citizenship perhaps by purchase. The Captain had probably obtained it by means of a large bribe. It brought with it commercial as well as civil privileges. We remember that Paul made use of it at Philippi (Acts 16:37). God means us to use every advantage we may have, not as an excuse for pride or importance, but to advance His Kingdom.

MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 14th, ACTS 23:1-22. "PAUL'S SISTER'S SON GOOD CONSCIENCE BEFORE GOD UNTIL THIS DAY."

Twenty-five years had gone by since last Paul had been in that council chamber; then he was there as one of Stephen's accusers. How differently he now looked at things! See how quick he was to apologize when he had spoken hastily (verse 5); only by so doing can we keep "a good conscience."

TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 15th, ACTS 23:11-22. "PAUL'S SISTER'S HEARD OF THEIR LYING IN WAIT."

The name of this young man is not mentioned, but he rendered a great service to the Christian Church. He was observant and so found out about the plot; quick to act (had he hesitated or delayed his uncle's life might have been lost); and after he had delivered his message he was wise in keeping his own counsel. Let us try and copy him, for so we can add much to the happiness and comfort of those around us, besides strengthening our own characters.

WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 16th, ACTS 23:33-35. "SET PAUL ON, AND BRING HIM SAFE UNTO FELIX THE GOVERNOR."

Once before at Corinth through Gallio, and now here at Jerusalem, Paul's life was saved through unexpected means, by men who were heathen. God can use the most extraordinary means to save and bless His people. Perhaps some great anxiety is pressing on your heart—tell Him about it and ask for His help, and should He see it best for you, He can send deliverance in the most unlooked for way.

THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 17th, ACTS 24:1-9. "A RINGLEADER OF THE SECT OF THE NAZARENES."

As such, we to-day honor and revere Paul, and rightly so, but his accuser spoke of him thus in a sneering way, just as the enemies of The Salvation Army did in its early days. How surprised Tertullus would have been could he have seen the beautiful Cathedral in London which is dedicated to the memory of the man he despised. God in His own time and way always vindicates His own.

FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 18th, ACTS 24:10-23. "A CONSCIENCE VOID OF OFFENCE TOWARD GOD, AND TOWARD MEN."

No one can be blameless before God who does not act rightly towards others. If we would share Paul's "clear conscience" experience, we must "exercise" ourselves, as he did, to faithfully do our duty both towards God and to towards those around us.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 19th, ACTS 24:25. "WHEN I HAVE A CONVENIENT SEASON, I WILL CALL FOR THEE."

The apostle had not used smooth words, but, prisoner though he was, had bravely spoken of sin and its terrible consequences. The "convenient season" never came to Felix nor will it to us; we must "make time"; the Devil will see to it that there never is a "convenient season" for Salvation, obedience, or prayer.

A TANGLE OF TWO TUNICS

WHICH BROUGHT ABOUT A RESULT LONG PRAYED FOR
—THERE IS NO MISTAKE

WHEN the Divisional Commander rose to open the Sunday night Meeting in a certain town a week or two ago, he had no more idea of the wonderful thing which was going to happen than he had of the events which had led up to the climax which was about to be reached. He only lined out the song, and, while the people sang, and the Band played, the Holy Spirit did the rest—and a man came tumbling out to the penitent-form. The people were thrilled, they shouted for joy in the midst of their singing—and the man at the mercy-seat got gloriously saved.

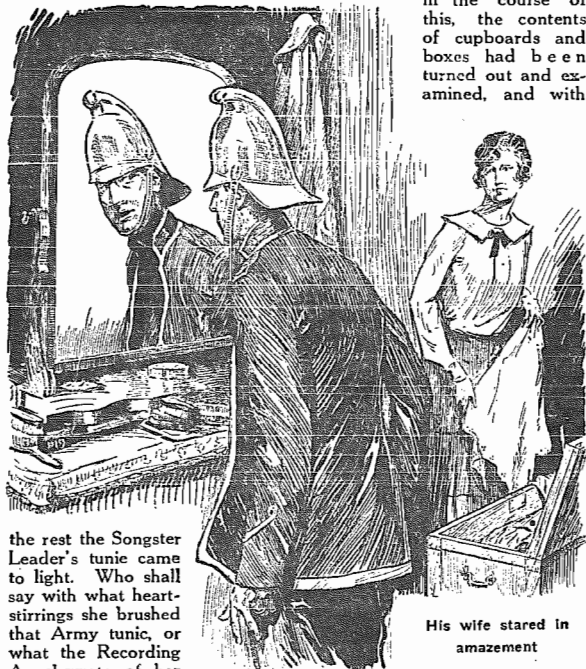
"That man was once the Songster Leader here," said the Commanding Officer to the Divisional Commander, "but he has been away from us for some time."

"Have you any idea what has brought him back?" The Adjutant replied that he knew of nothing outstanding.

"Find out for me; I believe there is more in this than meets the eye!" said the Major.

A brief inquiry elicited an interesting story. The one-time Songster Leader was also a volunteer member of the local Fire Brigade. When his Army tunic was doffed it was placed in a clothes-box at home, with the fire-fighter's tunic on top of it. This was a sad thing to his wife, who remained a loyal Salvationist all through.

She had been giving the house a thorough cleaning recently and in the course of this, the contents of cupboards and boxes had been turned out and examined, and with



His wife stared in amazement

the rest the Songster Leader's tunic came to light. Who shall say with what heart-stirrings she brushed that Army tunic, or what the Recording Angel wrote of her sigh and tear as she replaced it in the box? And who can dare say that her unspoken prayer was not being answered even as she finished packing away those two tunics?

"Just time for a Special Parade," said her husband, a day or two later, as he reached into the clothes-box and slipped on the top tunic. His wife stared in amazement. How strange he looked with a brass helmet on his head and the tunic of a Songster Leader of The Salvation Army! What had happened? Surely she had not made a mistake in putting the clothes away! No, there was no mistake; God had been guiding her actions, and so The Army tunic came first to hand.

"One look at his face was enough," she afterwards declared, "for me to see that, as he saw himself in the mirror, he was badly shaken. He was white with deep emotion!"

Yearning swept over him as the memories awakened by the sight of that tunic surged up within, and there was no peace for the backslider until, during the singing of the first song on the Sunday night, he rushed to the Place of Reconciliation. Now husband and wife travel hand in hand on the way of Salvation service; reunited through a tunic.—British "War Cry."

Unanswered Prayer

By LIEUTENANT C. ZARFAS,
Southampton, Bermuda

"Thou hast covered thyself with a cloud, that our prayer should not pass through."—Lamentations 3:44.

THAT the Bible is pre-eminently a Book of prayer, no one will question. We have all had wonderful experiences of answers to prayer. But unanswered prayer, as most of us also know, is not an unusual experience. One of the most common difficulties in prayer life arises from the fact that so often our petitions seem to go unanswered.

The Psalmist said this experience when he cried, "O my God, I cry in the daytime, but Thou hearest not; and in the night season, and am not silent."—Psalm 12:2.

The Bible abounds with instances of unanswered prayer. For example, notice these several cases:—

Moses prayed to enter the promised land, but he died on Mount Nebo.—Deut. 3:23-29.

Habakkuk cried, "O Lord, how long shall I cry, and Thou wilt not hear!" Hab. 1:2.

Paul prayed thrice to be relieved of a "thorn in the flesh." (2 Cor. 12:9) yet his handicap remained.

Jesus, in Gethsemane, prayed, "O Father, if it be possible, let this cup pass from me; nevertheless not as I will, but as Thou wilt."—Matt. 26:39. Yet Jesus drank the bitter cup to the very dregs.

When a person's prayers seem unanswered it leads to one of two results; either the man gives up praying, or else it drives him to more earnest praying. But where does the fault lie? Has not God promised us that if we ask we shall receive? Then the fault cannot be on the part of the Giver, but of the one who does the asking. A common practise among boys on Halloween night is to ring the door bell and then run. Likewise many prayers ring the bell at the gate of Heaven, but when the gate opens, the prayer often has gone, and the result is the cry, "Alas, my prayer is unanswered!"

We must again remember that God's "No" often means "Yes." Monica, the mother of St. Augustine, prayed that her son might be stopped from going to Rome and even while she was praying he was on his way there. Yet, St. Augustine later said in this connection, "Thou, in the depths of Thy counsels, hearing the main point of her desire, regardeth not what she then asked, that Thou mightest make me what she ever desired."

"We must not become discouraged if sometimes our prayers go unanswered.—"His ways are not our ways," This would be a funny world if every prayer was answered: An old proverb says, "If wishes were horses, beggars would be a strange world if every prayer was answered: An old proverb would ride." Prayer is necessary. It is our spiritual food. It is our means of communion with God. But let us ever remember, when we have an experience of unanswered prayer, that God's "No" often means "Yes." Like Jacob of old, let us hold on until His face we see.

GET THE RIGHT FOCUS ON LIFE

If you will call your troubles and struggles, practice and lessons, and remember that "practice makes perfect," and lessons impart knowledge and "knowledge is power," you will set a greater value on life. You will appreciate the infinite wisdom that planned your human probationary schooling and life with its struggles and victories will become a supreme joy and pleasure to you.

We should be as exact in measuring and accounting for our time as we are in respect to our money.

ARE YOU PREPARED TO MEET GOD?



THE MAHARAJAH OF PATIALA, when recently in London, England, visited one of The Salvation Army's Hostels for Working Men. He was accompanied by Commissioner Mapp, and spoke of his high regard for "an Organization which is doing so much, throughout the world, to make life a brighter proposition for multitudes of needy men, women and children."

THE GENERAL

MAKES AN OFFER TO THE BRITISH HOME SECRETARY IN THE INTEREST OF OLD-TIMERS

SALVATIONISTS, in common with all who have at heart the best interests of the community, will welcome the announcement recently made by Sir Wm. Joynson-Hicks at the ninth International Prison Congress held at South Kensington, London, England.

"In the last few years," he said, "there has been a striking diminution in the number of persons in prison, notwithstanding that there has been an increase of population in the same period. Fifty years ago there were 20,000 people in local prisons; to-day there are only 5,000. Fifty years ago there were 10,000 people in penal servitude; to-day there are 1,600.

"To that must be added 10,000 young persons in Borstal institutions. There were 113 local prisons, and thirteen penal servitude prisons in this country fifty years ago; to-day there are thirty-one local prisons and four penal servitude institutions."

While it is true that better education and the care taken by magistrates to make the greatest possible use of the alternative to detention, have contributed materially to this gratifying end, it must not be forgotten that a considerable influence has been exerted by the operations of The Army and kindred Organizations in giving the discharged prisoner a new start in life.

Prison reform, moreover, has also played a great part in affecting the numbers of the prison population. Two experiments are now being conducted in regard to prisons. Wormwood Scrubs was set aside entirely, about two or three months ago, for men committed from the London area who had never been in prison before, with the object of training them in an environment free from the prison atmosphere.

At Wakefield the prison has been kept for those with sentences long enough to enable them to take advantage of the opportunity of industrial training afforded. No one is admitted to this prison for less than six months.

In this connection it is interesting to recall that, in April last, the General decided to ask the Home Secretary to give into The Army's care men who had had more than three committals — those for whom the Government had practically, if not openly, abandoned hope.

When Commander Eva Booth recently visited the Chicago Training Garrison, the Principal, Colonel Martin, recalled how, when he was a young man, he wrote to the press protesting against the treatment that was being meted out by the roughs to "Miss Eva Booth" and other Salvationists who were visiting the town.

SOUL-SAVING IN BRAZIL

FARMER'S SON WITH A SAINTLY NAME, BUT A SIN-STAINED HEART, FINDS CHRIST IN RIO DE JANEIRO

SLOWLY, but with ever increasing activity, The Army in Brazil makes progress. Scarcely three years have passed since Lieut.-Colonel and Mrs. Miche unfurled The Flag in this country of glorious scenery, of cosmopolitan peoples—and for soul-saving work—of wonderful opportunities. To-day ten centres are in operation. With the thirty millions of population, what possibilities lie ahead of the Officers and Soldiery, for the people, generally speaking, are religiously inclined—they crave for the Truth!

Many remarkable cases of conversion are being recorded. One concerns an Italian shoemaker of San Paulo, the most recently-opened Corps. He lived with his wife in the same house as that in which The Army Hall is situated. She was one of the first Converts, and struggled hard to win her drunken husband, but his case appeared hopeless. His godless friends maintained a strong hold upon him, and he continued to drink

the street, and threw himself in front of a tram. The Adjutant ran after him, and was only just in time to drag him from the track.

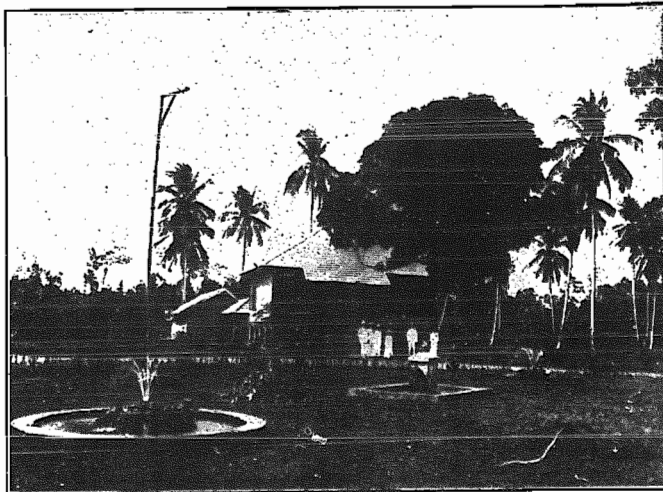
This incident made such an impression upon the poor fellow that during Colonel Allister Smith's visit a few weeks later, he attended a meeting and knelt at the penitential-form. His drinking friends are angry with him for joining The Army, but his reply to their taunts is, "What did you do for me? Who saved me from being killed by the tram? It was that man who hardly knew me. My advice is that you, too, go to the meetings when you are sober, and they will do you good as they did me."

Amongst the Soldiers of Rio de Janeiro is one who bears the striking name, Francisco de Assis, but he was as far removed from the character of his saintly namesake as is the East from the West. Francisco is a dark mulatto, born and bred in the country. His father is a farmer in a fairly comfortable position, for he sent his

for him, and in these dens of infamy he lost the money his toil had produced; and very nearly lost his soul.

A year ago he spent a whole Saturday night "trying his luck." Saturday morning found him tired, intensely miserable, and with his pockets empty. Wandering about the streets in search of something that would make him forgetful of his condition he heard the singing of the Salvationists in the Parc San Anna, where every Sunday afternoon since The Army commenced in Rio, an open-air meeting has been held.

Francisco listened to the testimonies and was convicted of sin. He followed the Salvationists to their Hall. The following Sunday he sought forgiveness. Since then he has been a changed man. Asked if he understood clearly The Army's message when he first heard it, he replied, "Of course I did. My life needed badly to be changed, and I at once knew what I ought to do. My only regret is that I spent so many years foolishly. Before, I used to have much spare time, and I filled it with all kinds of foolish pleasures; now I have very little time to spare, but all of it is filled with the reading of the Bible, for I want to learn and be able to help others to the Saviour."



A pleasant corner of one of The Salvation Army's Settlements for Lepers in the Dutch East Indies

heavily with unhappy consequence.

One evening he was seized with an attack of delirium tremens—not the first, by the way—and was in such a terrible condition that his wife appealed to the Corps Officer, Adjutant Sjoelin, to help her quieten him. The Adjutant, with great difficulty, took the man downstairs to the Hall and shut him in, but fearing he might do damage to the fittings went back sometime later to see what was happening. As soon as the door was opened the man rushed to it, gained

son to school, where he learnt to read and write—a somewhat rare achievement amongst Army Converts in Brazil.

Farm life was too tame for Francisco, he longed to see the big cities and to enjoy their attractions. First he lived in San Paulo, and then went into Rio. Like a wild young horse, without reins or bridle, he dashed hither and thither, permitting nothing to hinder his passionate thirst for the life and gaiety of the world. Gambling-houses had a special attraction

Great Welcome Tour

Large Crowds and Hundreds of Seekers Give Promise of a Successful Campaign

DESPITE the great heat of the Summer, the Welcome Tour, which Lieut.-Colonel Mary Booth has just completed, in the German Territory, has proved to be one long triumph. In Breslau, where the large Bourse was filled to its utmost capacity, fifty souls were registered at the penitential-form. The Silesian Corps in this city possesses the finest Band in the Territory. The splendid hall of the Freemasons' Lodge, in Dresden, was filled with a select audience and all standing room was occupied. Between forty and fifty seekers were recorded here. The Hall at Leipzig, which holds about 1,000 people, was also crowded, and numerous penitents found pardon.

Stuttgart was visited for a week-end campaign, and for every meeting the accommodation of the Hall was taxed to the extreme. On the Sunday night the City Hall was taken and 1,200 poured in to see and hear the new Territorial Commander. The Colonel's visit to Nuremberg was especially remarkable. The Army has been working in this Bavarian city for less than a year and yet the former church of a nunnery was packed with 1,500 people on a Monday night! The local Corps already has 150 Soldiers and Recruits—sixty in full uniform. On the occasion of the Colonel's welcome, permission was given for the first time for the Army to march through the centre of the city. The number of Converts secured exceeded those at any of the preceding gatherings conducted by the Territorial Commander since his introduction.

THE YEAR OF THE RAT IN JAPAN

The Great Empire of the Far East Rebuilds its waste places and rises out of Suffering and Pain to a New Life

BY STAFF-CAPTAIN HERBERT CLIMPSON

THE years in Japan are reckoned in cycles of twelve and are called by the names of the twelve signs of the zodiac, which are, in Japan, known as Rat, Ox, Tiger, Rabbit, Dragon, Snake, Horse, Sheep, Monkey, Cock, Dog and Boar. You will, there-

fore, often hear people declare they were born in the Year of the Horse, or the Year of the Monkey, etc. The superstitious among them count it particularly fortunate to be born in, or start some special undertaking in, certain years. Vice versa, it is thought to be a harbinger of misfortune to be born in other years.

The last full cycle of twelve years finished in 1923, which was, therefore, the Year of the Boar. As our readers will remember September of that year saw Japan's proud capital laid in ruins and many of its citizens ushered suddenly into eternity through the disastrous earthquake and fire.

A Drab New Year

The year of the Rat (1924) came in 'neath the shadow of this dire calamity. The devastated portions of Tokyo and Yokohama (similarly tragic and forlorn to those of Northern France and Belgium) were rapidly becoming vast settlements of hastily constructed and comparatively flimsy wooden, shanty-like dwellings. Everywhere one was greeted by the tap of the hammer, the wasp-like hum of the saw, and the raucous clanging of corrugated iron sheets. The usual delightfully artistic New Year decorations were conspicuous by their absence—only a shadow of their beauty being thought more appropriate to the chastened and grief-stricken mood of so many thousands of homes.

But the New Year progressed. The stream of time does not stay its ever-onward rush to console stricken humanity; but it heals their wounds as it flows, and so, from the ashes and anguish of stricken Tokyo and its surroundings have sprung up products of man's hands which have strikingly demonstrated to the world the indomitable spirit of perseverance characterizing the natives of Nippon.

Rebuilding the Waste Places

The Salvation Army was not the least among the sufferers, but God helped our leaders to forget their losses by ministering to the needs of others. Semi-permanent and temporary buildings have been erected, over 500,000 people have been relieved in various ways, and altogether the close of 1924 saw The Army not only having an increase of about 150 per cent. in the rebuilt buildings as compared with those which had been destroyed, but a virile spirit of Salvationism existing in the centres worked from these which equals anything ever known in our midst in this country. To God be the praise.

The Fire Scourge

Fires have always been comparatively frequent in Tokyo, and it will be readily understood that with so many wooden erections about this tendency has not decreased. At a certain season the wiping out from one hundred to one thousand houses seems to be especially likely to happen, so much so that these times are referred to as those when "the flowers of Tokyo" bloom. During 1924 about five hundred fires took place which demanded the attention of the fire brigades, forty-five of which happened in December. At the large conflagrations immediate steps were taken by The Salvation Army to provide temporary relief for the homeless.

The Shiba Camp Fire was particularly one

which called forth the sympathy of the people here. Some thousands of refugees from the great disaster had been congregated in an open space near the Shiba Detached Place. The Army had worked with marked success a Day Nursery for the bairns, and also kept in direct touch with the adults. Successful Salvation Meetings had been held in which large numbers of seekers were registered.

Refuge in Army Hut

On the day of the fire a hundred children were in our hut, and the outbreak took place just opposite the building. The flames swept across the narrow road but, by a miracle, did not swallow up our property, but caught the adjoining premises and from there the whole camp was reduced to ashes.

Never shall we forget the scene when, while the ruins were smouldering, we found our large hut packed with poor people who had, within about twelve months, been twice deprived of their possessions and homes. Throughout the burnt area were notices that anyone in

lent to The Army by the city authorities, and now they are gradually being replaced by new Ford buses with more imposing and suitable bodies. In addition to social activities from the Day Nursery a good Salvation work has been accomplished, and to be present when the Hall is packed with people who crowd together on the floor in the Japanese style, to watch their faces when catching the points of Commissioner Eadie's thrusts of humor with which he presses home his message, or to notice their evident enjoyment of the music and song which The Army always carries to the people, is something which makes an indelible impression on one's mind. The people are most receptive of the message. Particularly since the earthquake has there been an eager and sincere search for the truth of Christianity, and this truth in turn leads the seeker into that life which is the main feature of the Gospel.

The usual "Christmas Pots" made their appearance and the Cadets did splendidly, practically 7,000 yen being raised. This made it possible for large quantities of mochi (rice cake) to be distributed to the poor at half cost. This venture has been highly appreciated both by the happy recipients and by the public in general.

It is gratifying to know that the Year of the Rat closed with The Army consolidating its position after the immediate circumstances of the previous year's disaster, and Salvationists were rejoicing in marked evidences of the presence of the Lord in their midst.

Now we are in the Year of the Ox. The Territorial motto is, "ARISE AND BUILD," and everyone, from the Commissioner to the Convert, is determined that, by the blessing of God, this year shall be the very best the Territory has ever seen.

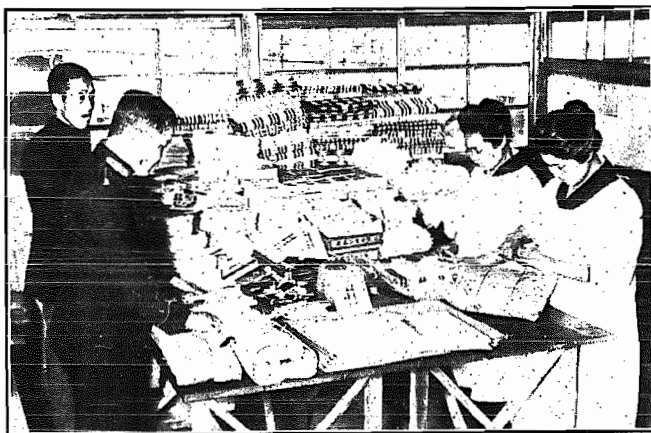
A PIONEER'S EXPERIENCES

LIEUT.-COMMISSIONER DUCE, who took his first appointment in Japan in 1897, tells of his initial experiences and impressions in the following words:—

"One of my first duties was to lecture and help in the training of the first Cadets, and the present Colonel Yamamuro used to help. I remember, when we had only been there two or three days, suddenly feeling sea-sick, then, looking through the open sliding Japanese doors, I observed the next-door house moving pretty briskly. That was our first experience of an earthquake. The then Ensign Yamamuro, who noticed my uncertainty, said that if I cared to slip in under the one small table in the room, I should be safe if the ceiling and roof came down! Since then we have had a good many hundreds of experiences of earthquakes, big and little.

"One of my early visits was to the Headquarters, which consisted of one room downstairs, used in the evening for public meetings, and in the daytime for training our six Cadets. Above this room we had another, where the two or three others who formed the Headquarters Staff were located. One smiles at those days, when we remember the finely-built Headquarters in which we spent our last term in Japan, and which was destroyed by the earthquake, just after we left, in 1923.

"Mrs. Duce and I had the great joy of spending ten years in Japan at that time, and more lately. I have had the joy of another period, as Territorial Commander, in that land of interest and progress. It was the great Social Agitation in Japan, when we forced through some measures for the rescue of girls from undesirable institutions, that made The Army purpose and the results of our work so well understood."



Major Segawa and helpers preparing articles of food and clothing for relief of fire sufferers.

need might apply to The Salvation Army. Tents and other supplies were rushed to the spot, and under the Social Secretary, Major Segawa, a splendid work was quickly in operation.

The children attending the Day Nursery had been encouraged to deposit their pocket money in a kind of savings bank, and at the time of the fire there were about 1,000 yen (nominally \$500) in hand. It will readily be imagined with what pride the little children took their parents the sums they had saved and thus helped in the hour of loss and anxiety. The relief of the parents was also great when they found their little ones had been safe and sound under the protection of "The-Save-The-World-Army."

The camp was not rebuilt and the people were scattered to various parts of the city and its suburbs. They are still being followed down and helped where necessary.

Shortly after this another fire took place in the poor quarter of Shitaya, which was also absolutely wiped out in the 1923 holocaust. Once more The Army was quickly on the spot, and everything possible was done to comfort and help the refugees even to the buying up of the stock of a purveyor of "Urdon" (a macaroni meal) and distributing it to the poor.

Eager Search for Truth

At the Day Nursery, in Honjo, a steady and effective work has progressed, and included in the special efforts were trips to the country for both the children and their mothers. The motor conveyances used were Ford buses which made their appearance after the earthquake to afford relief in the traffic problem which confronted the authorities. They were



An ARMORY

For All Who Fight
For GOD and Right

GLORIOUS VISIONS

SCENES REVEALED BY THE HEAVENLY SEARCHLIGHTS
WHICH PLAY AROUND A SALVATIONISTS' DAILY PATH

By Brigadier M. Hatcher

AT WHOSE FIRE DO YOU WARM?

THE acceptance of hospitality involves the incurring of certain obligations. At whose fire do you warm? Does the whisper of scandal count you among those who so, it will go hard with you in the day when your conscience says:

"Rebuke that malicious lie!"

The hospitality of scandal-mongers can only be received in exchange for a surrender of your own uprightness of speech.

Likenesses are made at the fireside. Linger on friendly terms with the slothful, the cold of heart, and the untruthful, and you will find that your standards are being lowered to compromise with those of your friends.

"I hate Sloth!" says one.

Perhaps so; but, er— he's not half so bad as he's painted!" replies the man who warms himself at Sloth's fireside. "I've lately seen some good points in him that I never suspected before!"

What he really means is that his eyes are being blinded by the hospitality he accepts. One day another stranger will step in, and, looking at Mr. Sloth and his company, will make the mental observation:

"How alike are this man and his guest!"

Better he cold than warm at the sacrifice of principle. Better be alone in the world than accepted in the company of those who claim, in exchange for hospitality, the surrender of your spiritual liberty.

HOW TO BE FREE

THERE are two conditions of freedom: first know the truth, and secondly, obey the truth. Motives may be good, but knowledge also is essential. The boy who eats the red berries in the field because they are pretty, may find himself poisoned. If he knew the character of the berries, he might be free from the results of eating; them.

To obey the truth is as essential as knowing the truth. The poor fellow who drinks moonshine whiskey and dies therefrom may know that it is dangerous to do this, but if he is unwilling to obey what he knows, he cannot escape the consequences.

"If ye know my commandments, happy are ye if ye do them."

"If ye continue in my word, then are ye my disciples indeed."

ADVENTURE OF LIVING

"And he (Abraham) went out, not knowing whither he went."

THE greatest adventure of all, the one that includes all others, is the adventure of living. It is possible to exist, but not to live, without adventure.

This spirit of adventure is present in the hearts and lives of men and women more than we realize. Many a soul who lives a life apparently commonplace enough, bemoans the spiritless evenness of his or her own way, but sees no avenue of opening into the larger life. If the Church of God of to-day can show that Jesus was no advocate of the "safety first" life, but as heroic and appealing a figure as ever the world knew, it will commend its Master to men. A religion that calls to fuller life, richer service, more ardent living, will call out the allegiance of the multitudes.

IN the course of the day's work we meet many people whose acquaintance with The Salvation Army may be said to be almost non-existent or anywhere between that and that of the friends who know us almost as well as we know ourselves.

A few days ago a lady who, to use a well-known expression, had "no use" for The Salvation Army, was setting forth a whole catalogue of what she considered to be our faults and shortcomings. "Madam," said the Salvationist, "do you think it possible that any one outside our ranks can know us as well as we know ourselves? The

and patient mother rose up before her.

"How can I do that?" she asked, and the way seemed very hard. But she turned her Bible and came to these words: "I can do all things through Christ which strengtheneth me." Then she knew strength was assured; moreover, even at that moment it came to her, and she took the next step—she wrote to Headquarters. But that act was followed by three months' sickness. As she hovered between life and death no one, neither doctors nor nurses, expected her to live; but just when all who sorrowed were reluctantly making up their

A NORMAL EXPERIENCE

A MAN is not normal as long as sin is in any sense controlling him. Sin is abnormal! Holiness of heart does not make a man into an angelic, spiritual being, and it does not dehumanize him. He will still be able to think for himself and will be under the necessity of making his own living. He may be pure in heart and still know what it is to face temptations that are on the plane of his weakened humanity. He will become a more normal unit in society, a more truly natural man in all the relations of life. His mentality may be below par, his body may be under a blight, his spirit may have to be taught the same lesson again and again, and he may bear many of the marks of sin's destructive work in his personality; but holiness of heart and life will not fly into the face of his best self, nor demand that he violate the normal obligations of his person. A holy man, because of his history, may be subnormal in fifty items of his personality, but holiness will not accentuate these mal-conditions, and his purity of heart may not at once tone up all the lacks of his being, but it will fit normally into the life, labor and character of the man and be a grand contributing factor in bringing the whole man to a better balance and a Christ-like manhood.

Salvation Army never claimed to be perfect."

Later in the day the same comrade met a man who "had no use" for anything but The Salvation Army. To him The Army was everything that was perfect outside Heaven. The Salvationist grinned in sympathy with Thomas a Kempis, for he exclaimed "but we are men, nothing else but frail men, though by many we may be counted angels."

Between these two extremes, however, the heavenly searchlights play about our daily path and give us heartening glimpses of Glorious Visions.

"Ye shall be my witnesses."

They were just two ordinary girls working in an average New Zealand town. Snow, sleet, and cold, prevented them doing the day's work which they had planned, and the Captain said to the Lieutenant, "We cannot go out; let us go to our rooms and have a quiet time with the Lord, getting ready for going when we can."

They separated. The Lieutenant went to her room, locked her door, drew down the blinds, took her Bible, and knelt beside her bed.

"Lord," she said, "speak to me. Tell me what wilt Thou have me to do?" Clear and unmistakable came the answer:

"Go to India."

The faces of her white-haired father

and mother rose up before her, the Lord fulfilled His promise and strengthened her, and to the astonishment of her parents and every one else she returned home rosy and strong and healthy. There was no more question of holding her back. The choice seemed to lie between India and Heaven. She went to India, and is now in the thick of the fight, enduring, fighting, praying, fulfilling the will of God.

"I was in prison and ye came."

There are limitations to what she can do. The government there must preserve its just attitude of neutrality towards all religious teaching. But there is ground upon which all can meet. Visitors may not speak the name of Jesus, but they may visit women in the prison and the doors swing open once a week for The Salvation Army woman to spend an hour inside.

Two hundred and thirty women wait for the weekly hour of cheer that breaks the monotony of their prison lives. What a study in faces they present. Despair, perplexity, anxiety, remorse, resentment, and every other attitude of ignorant and untrained minds are written on those countenances. But they all smile one common smile of greeting when the Christ-woman walks into their midst, and begins to talk of hope and home and children. Alas! in their arms some of these mothers hold children who have been born in prison.

The Christ-woman, among the babies, and though she could not speak to the mothers of One who had the little children to come to Him, she could lift those babies in her arms and let her heart go up in prayer for help and blessing upon them and their parents; and then the women knew.

Oh, yes, they knew; the visitors may not speak to them the name of Jesus but the prisoners may speak to the visitors. And the words on their lips were, "Masiah Log" (Christ Promise). And they were glad to see the Army visitor.

"The Poor have the Gospel Preached to them."

There are growing up all over the vast Dependency of India people who are stretching out their hearts and hands towards the Light. Crowds of young people are growing up, whose ears and lips the name of Jesus has become the most familiar of all great names. His name they know, His praises they sing, but the supreme purpose for which He lived and died—to save and keep from sin—has not yet been made known to some of them. They are still waiting for some one to go and proclaim "The message which we have heard of Him—that God is light and in Him is no darkness at all. If we confess our sins, He is faithful and just to forgive us our sins . . . and the Blood of Jesus Christ, His Son, cleanseth us from all sin."

May our eyes be ever open to these Visions Glorious, while with heart and lips we shout, as with might and main we toil to ensure, "Victory for Jesus!"

THREE PROMINENT BONES

THERE is a good skeleton for a biographical lecture on modern Christians:

- First—Wishbones.
- Second—Jawbones.
- Third—Backbones.

The wishbones are always desperately hoping that the Church of God will eventually triumph over the evil one.

The jawbones are everlastingly criticizing every thing that is done for the advancement of the Kingdom of God and finding fault because there is not more done.

The backbones are the ones that get down under and put their shoulders to the wheel and carry the burden and pull the load.

By way of illustration relate the story of Daniel and show that the reason why the lions did not eat him was because Daniel was all backbone.

STRAY PIECES

"GATHER UP the fragments that remain, that nothing be lost." These were the words of Jesus after feeding the multitude. How thoughtful the Master was of the broken pieces of the fallen part. This was one of the remarkable miracles of all of our Saviour's great works. We have, for one thing, in this miracle a lesson about Christ's almighty power, for food was called into existence that did not exist before.

In healing the sick or raising the dead, something was amended or restored that had already existed; in feeding the five thousand with five loaves, something must have been created that before had not existed. Such history as this should be especially instructive and encouraging to all who endeavor to do good to souls.

We must never despair of any man being saved; so long as there is life there is hope. Reason and sense may say that some poor sinner is too hardened or too old to be saved. Faith will say that our Master can create as well as renew. This is what He meant when He said, "Gather up the fragments." We cannot tell who are among the stray pieces, the stray ones. There may be someone who will bring honor and glory to His Name.

EXTRACTS FROM

The General's Journal

(ARRANGED BY LIEUT.-COLONEL H. L. TAYLOR)

VIRILE SALVATIONISM—CONCERN FOR PRISONERS: GOVERNMENT REQUESTED TO GIVE ARMY THE "INCORRIGIBLES"—FOOLISH "PROLETARIAN" BOAST—THE FOUNDER'S CHARITY—PRICE OF BACKSLIDING

Thursday, April 2nd, 1925.—All day, save for an hour's walk, at my table at Hadley Wood. Messages and Articles. I wish I had greater facility in writing! F. had her last Meeting with the British Staff in Westminster Central Hall this afternoon. Hurren with them to-night.

U.K. Self-Denial shows, in the final return, an increase of £11,046 on 1924.

To God be glory and praise, and to my dear British Officers and Soldiers their General's sincere gratitude. F. is much touched. No doubt loving regard for her has helped many to do well.

Lord Balfour opened the University at Jerusalem yesterday. I am not sure that it will do much good; but it is an event. One of its chief interests is in the effort to unite a distinctly Western institution with Eastern ways. Hebrew is to be the language. It does appear as if many Jews are working to make it a national home in the Holy Land. What a restoration that will be!

Monday, April 6th.—Went down to Ipswich on Saturday evening and billeted in dear Olive's (Staff-Captain Booth, D.C. here) Quarters. Yesterday (Sunday, 5th) met 600 Prisoners of that Division. Much pleased with the spirit and zeal of these men. Many young men prominent, but also many veterans. They come mostly from small places where they have comparatively few advantages of Army association, but they show a fine virile type of Salvationism. Olive's influence—and before her FitzGerald's (Brigadier) good. We shall see advances.

Three crowded Sessions. Each Meeting an advance on the previous one. The light of the Lord rested on all, and we drew water from the wells. Friedrich (Colonel, Chief Secretary, Germany) much impressed. I am pleased with Olive and Dora (Staff-Captain Booth). Their views on some of our problems cheering. McMillan (Colonel, C.S.) very helpful to-day.

Left this morning at 9 o'clock. Some talk with McMillan en route.

A jumble of trying and tiring littles met me at L.H.Q. Tired? Well, not to be surprised at—must have been actually speaking for five and a half hours yesterday, besides other things between the Meetings; full stretch! Home at five and did little. Our dear Cath here.

Tuesday, 7th.—Very disturbing night. My burdens pressed me sorely.

Many interviews. Conference on Prison Work. Chief, Lamb (Commissioner), Playle, Cunningham (Lieut.-Commissioner), Jolliffe, Millner, and my Dear One present. All deeply concerned for prisoners as such. Something should come out of this.

Decided to ask the Home Secretary to give us all cases of men of more than three convictions. I see that last year, of the 37,000 men received on conviction into prisons in this country, 23,000 had been previously convicted. Out of 8,800 women, 7,200 had been there before. No fewer than 14,000 men had been convicted from one to five times, and 2,224 men and 2,885 women over twenty times.

The various religious bodies won't let us touch the men up to a certain point, but I think the Government might give us those for whom hope has been practically, if not openly, abandoned.

Wednesday, 8th.—Interesting letters from Hay (Commissioner), South Africa; Gunderson (Colonel), Report on our work in Iceland; Bourne (Lieut.-Colonel), from India.

Foreign Service Councils most of the day.—Lamb (Commissioner) on Migration.

A new book issued by a "Proletarian" authority contains the following. It is a foolish boast—one scarcely knows whether to laugh or to cry over it—but it reveals a state of mind:

... Young workers, present-day religion is dead, or at least it is dying, its light has near-

ly run out. Their Bible is the most diabolical one I have ever read. ... We will debar no one from the use of his or her childish simplicity, but we will see that no God or Saviour, no matter what may be his name, shall bind the children of the people in chains. But on the very day I read this, I saw in an old book I happened on, the following lines:

GOD'S DARK



HE Dark is kind and cozy;
The Dark is soft and deep;
The Dark will pat my pillow
And love me as I sleep.

The Dark is smooth as velvet,
And gentle as the air,
And he is good to children
And people everywhere.

The Dark can see and love me
Without a bit of light.
He gives me dreams and resting;
He brings the gentle Night.

"God's Dark" is one of the best known of John Martin's poems for children. A mother wrote asking how she might cure her child of his fear for the dark, and the above poem was the result. The poem has had a wide circulation, and hundreds of parents testify that they have found it helpful in teaching their children that the dark is nothing to be afraid of.

Mock on, mock on, Voltaire, Rousseau,
Mock on, mock on, 'tis all in vain!
You throw but sand against the wind
And the wind but blows it back again!

Thursday, 9th.—A more restless night. To L.H.Q. Many conferences and letters. One from Paris reports promise of 150,000 francs in one gift towards our new Shelter there. Settled to go on the whole scheme, the total outlay on which will be two and a quarter million francs.—Major Hawkins to be Editor of the London "War Cry." It is a great opportunity. I trust he will rise to it. F. to Liverpool. Some thought for my Meetings to-morrow. How needy I am!

Saturday, 11th.—Yesterday (10th) Good Friday. To Luton for Calvary Day, with Cliffe and Smith (Brigadier) and Fred (Mr. Soper, General's Brother-in-law). Morning Meeting smaller than expected; town not making general holiday, as supposed. However, good influence. My spirit touched to a deep sense of gratitude. In reading of the binding of Jesus by the Soldiers a great tenderness overcame me.

Thy hand to give, Thou canst not lift,
Yet wilt Thy hand still giving be;
It gives—but, Oh, itself's the gift!
It gives, though bound—though bound,
'tis free!

Afternoon, some 900 people in the Theatre. Mrs. (Major) Tyldesley, India, spoke well. The Cross in relation to the individual was the leading thought all day.

Took tea at Field-Major Lockyer's Quarters. Thirty-three years an Officer. Mrs. L. spoke with such joy of their children. Their eldest son, a captain, and doing well.

It was the Founder's birthday. One or two friends sent me a kind reminder. More and more when I consider him I see with what a fine, comprehending charity he viewed the struggle—the fight—that human nature makes against stupendous odds. There was nothing petty or mean

ing two hours and twenty minutes. Considerable freedom, and many hearts stirred. A most affectionate welcome to this old and well organized centre of Salvation Army life and work.

This morning, Soldiers only. Place full. No very great freedom, but the standard was raised and we had a good penitential-form. Afternoon, in the Theatre, about 800. A disappointment all

round. Missionary Meeting. King (Lieut.-Colonel), South Africa, and Mrs. May be (Staff-Captain) did well.

Night, some 1,800 people. A very interesting gathering, but no very great results. The holiday spirit against us. We toiled, I and the local forces, all of us, with might and main, but it was not a large catch! Still, some good cases, and some important work apart from the penitential-form.

Amongst the interesting facts, that baker, a backslider, angry with us! Speaking of the Corps and its neglect of him he said, "They didn't even offer to let him give to the S.D.I." Another man, twenty-two years a backslider; refused God's call to some service on account of his "girl," and then lost his girl and then lost his Salvation—and twenty-two precious years—and now on the way to lose his soul! I pleaded with him, but I fear without effect. The Devil was there before me!

Tuesday, 14th.—Yesterday, 13th (Easter Monday) to Norham Castle (West London) at 9.30 with Cliffe and Smith. A Hallelujah Day indeed on this historic ground—scene, among other things, of Begbie's "That book remains a

"Broken Earthenware," vivid picture and a challenge.

Full all the time and many unable to get in. Some notable victories and much joy. One man brought a poor drunken soul who has hindered and tempted his wife. She suddenly astonished me by clasping my face between her hands, saying, "Oh, General, I knew your father!"

Another, a man, gave me a razor destined for some evil purpose and then fell down at the penitential-form. Many Local Officers and some Bandmen—it is a wonderful Band—worked like slaves helping the convicted souls to Christ. A Candidate from Northern Island, a trained singer, sang in the Prayer Meeting most effectively. Why do we not do more with the solos and the simpler songs?

A really exhausting but an uplifting day. These people must have a better Hall. Among the speakers, who rendered good service, were King (Lieut.-Colonel), Peat (Brigadier), Cliffe, and Adams (Lieut.-Colonel).

To McKirdy House (House of Refuge in Tichfield Street given by the late Mrs. McKirdy) between times. That place does a lot of good and does it well. It is "a genuine friend" to many lonely souls and the Officers are "friendly" to all. Many letters on from Headquarters—South Africa, Holland, etc.

Time and Death shall depart, and say in flying.

"Love has found out a way to live by dying!" To-day, 14th, L.H.Q. King and Mrs., proceeding from South Africa to Holland.—Mr. Frost and long list of legal matters.

(To be continued)

They are never alone that are accompanied with noble thoughts. A noble principle or thought, like the widow's barrel and cruse, is never dry. We draw on it for our daily life.

The WAR CRY

OFFICIAL ORGAN
The Salvation Army
IN CANADA EAST
NEWFOUNDLAND
AND BERMUDA
General-
BIRMINGHAM BOOTH
INTERNATIONAL HEADQUARTERS
LONDON, ENGLAND

Territorial Commander-
Commissioner CHARLES SOWTON
James and Albert Streets, Toronto.

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paid.

All Editorial Communications should
be addressed to the Editor.

OFFICIAL GAZETTE

(By Authority of the General)

PROMOTIONS:

To be Major—

Staff-Captain Margaret Lewis.
Staff-Captain John McElhiney.
Staff-Captain Abbie MacGillivray.
Staff-Captain Harold Ritchie.
Staff-Captain Joseph Tyndall.
Staff-Captain Wallace White.
Staff-Captain Jessie Raven.

To be Adjutant—
Ensign Henry Mead.

CHARLES SOWTON,
Commissioner.

THE RETURN of the
Harvest Festival season
brings prominently before
the mind the age-old question:
"What shall I render unto the
Lord for all His benefits toward
me?"

WHAT

SHALL

I RENDER?

The first im-
pulse of gratitude
is to give, in re-
turn for good or
gifts received,
that which will most please the
giver. Is there any doubt what
gifts God will be pleased to ac-
cept from His creatures? First,
and supreme in importance, be-
cause it is the key to all else, is
His desire that the human heart
should of its own free will sur-
render to Him. God loves man,
and made man to love Him. The
whole of God's revelation of
Himself, culminating in the gift
of His Son to be the world's Re-
deemer, shows unmistakable evi-
dence of being directed to make
this stupendous fact clear to hu-
man intelligence.

Do you realize that it is to you
the Saviour says, "Thou shalt
love the Lord thy God with all
thy heart, and with all thy soul,
and with all thy mind?"

At this time of rejoicing over
God's goodness shall we not ask
ourselves if we have made to
Him the surrender He asks? This
involves certain action. There
must be repentance of sin and
severance from all known
wrong. There must be a coming
to God in the name of Jesus for
pardon, and faith that He for-
gives us our sins.

Then we must do those things
which are right and turn resolute-
ly away from all temptation to
wrong, in doing which we may
rely upon Divine guidance and
sustaining grace.

THE WAR CRY EXHIBITION SUNDAY COMMISSIONER AND MRS. SOWTON CONDUCT "SLEEVES UP" CAMPAIGN AT TORONTO'S PARENT CORPS

Great Evening Open-Air Event at Sunnyside

BY "OBSERVER"

THE FIRST SUNDAY of Exhibition fortnight in the Queen City found the
Territorial Commander, with Mrs. Sowton, conducting a "sleeves up"
Campaign in the western quarter of the city—an intensive effort which
saw the round of the clock and came to an arresting conclusion at Sunnyside
Beach.

Toronto I. was the scene of the main part of the day's effort. Here is a
Corps with glorious fighting traditions. It can look back with pride on a
battle record brilliant with exploits in the Holy War.



ENSIGN AND MRS. BOSHER, the Commanding
Officers of Toronto's Parent Corps

thought that No. 1. Corps have things all their own way. They find a strong
foe arrayed against them in Toronto's Whitechapel. And the worst of it is,
perhaps, that the antagonist is not of the active kind, as in the early days,
but is a passive force—the enemy of indifference!

Yes, like their fellow Comrades in many another place, the Soldiers of
the Queen City's first Corps are up against it!

And it was with a realization of these things that the Territorial Com-
mander—who, with Mrs. Sowton, received a welcome full of warmth,—faced
his opportunity. In the morning gathering he was seeking to encourage the
Soldiers to urge to more desperate endeavors, to warn young and old against
the craftiness of the enemy, to discover and strengthen weak places in the
defences, and to show the possibility of the weakest stripling being made a
spiritual stalwart—a truly Soldier-building mission.

And in the Salvation meeting at night, the Commissioner's endeavor was
to untap deaf ears, to open blind eyes, and to show to deluded men and
women the utter folly of neglecting the great gift of eternal life. Colonel
Morehen's prayer, the reading of the Holy Writ by the Chief Secretary—who
was present at this evening event—Mrs. Sowton's clear and persuasive words
of appeal, and Colonel Aaby's heart-reaching soloing, all played their part in
paving the way for the Territorial Commander's final exhortation to the sin-
led.

With the Exhibition written big in the public mind, his topic proved
eminently fitting. The display of things attractive with the object of induc-
ing barter is a thing which is not confined to the material realm. Bargains
are being made in realms spiritual—foolish and profitable buying and selling.
Men and women, young and old, are being duped on all hands, and it was
with earnest entreaty and cries of warning that the Commissioner sought to
awaken minds to the cunning devices and deceitful bargaining of the agents
of Hell, who would offer seemingly enticing exchanges—ever worthless and
deceptive in the ultimate end—for the souls of men.

The meetings were characterized by potent influences; remarkable also was
the attentiveness of the congregations, and one was particularly impressed by
the heartiness of the singing.

Loyally supporting the Territorial Leader was Mrs. Sowton, and also tak-
ing part, besides those already mentioned, were Brigadier Goodwin, Assistant
Field Secretary for Canada West—who, in the morning, gave a telling wit-
ness to the empowering presence of God in her life—Brigadier and Mrs. Bur-
rows, and Mrs. Brigadier Potter. One must not forget, incidentally, the splen-
did service throughout the day, of the hard working Band and the efficient
Songster Brigade.

Open-air activity played an important part in the Campaign. With a
sweltering heat, it was a splendid testimony to the fine spirit of the Bandsmen
and other of the Comrades to render such yeoman out-door service. There
were, for instance, no fewer than three open-air stands in the afternoon, and
this apart from the event in Trinity Park, which Ensign Bosher has wisely
arranged in place of the afternoon indoor meeting during the hot months. The
people are out in the airy, open spaces, he reasons; The Army must go to
them!

But the biggest event,—and, incidentally the greatest surprise to the
writer,—came at the end of this strenuous day, when, following the hard-
fought prayer meeting, piloted in turn by Colonels Aaby and Morehen, one
found oneself being rushed in the Territorial Commander's wake to Sunnyside
Beach.

The scene here was a startler to uninformed eyes. The scale of it was
out of all proportion to one's preconceived mental vision. Around the illu-
minated beach-stand, where the Commissioner and his Staff were supported
by the West Toronto Band, was a crowd estimated at several thousand peo-
ple, from places far and near. Some were fortunate enough to have captured
seats in front, a great number stood closely around, while yet others were
assembled in large force on the gaily-lit promenade above.

(Continued on page 12)

TERRITORY Tersities

A DJUTANT Herbert Porter, who
has been representing the Ter-
ritorial Headquarters at Ottawa
since Major Layman's departure, has
now returned to Toronto and has re-
sumed his duties as Territorial Scout
Organizer. Staff-Captain Sparks of
the Subscribers' Department, Mon-
real, has arrived in Ottawa where he
will act in a similar capacity until the
new Divisional Commander is ap-
pointed.

Mrs. General Booth is the author
of a new book entitled, "Liberation
God."

Brigadier William C. Arnold, Fi-
nancial Secretary for the Eastern U.S.
Territory, was a recent caller at Ter-
ritorial Headquarters where he was
greeted by many old acquaintances.
The Brigadier had much to say re-
garding Army progress "over the
line."

In connection with the recent dis-
astrous fire in Montreal in which the
families lost all their belongings, the
Salvation Army issued a special ap-
peal for aid and placed a room at the
disposal of the sufferers.

The Men's Social Department has
opened temporarily a store at Long
Branch which will supply second-hand
clothing to the needy.

A seventy-seven-year-old vetera-
n, the person of Envoy Peacock of
Regina—visited Territorial Head-
quarters recently. The Envoy is the
father of Brigadier Peacock of the
Central U.S. Territory and has fifty
years' Local Officership to his credit.

WANTED

A shoe repair man who can
operate a stitching machine.
Steady job. Must be Salvationist.
Bandsmen preferred. Write Cap-
tain Howlett, 280 Bentinck St.,
Sydney, N.S.



COLONEL OTWAY, who with
Mrs. Otway, will bid farewell
to Comrades at the Toronto
Temple on the evening of
September 16th.

A farmer of St. Catharines, Ontario,
made application to our Inquiry De-
partment regarding his brother of
whom he had not heard for some
years. The man was discovered in
New Zealand.

Captain Kate Bottomley is at pre-
sent in the Old Country visiting her
aged mother, whom she has not seen
for thirteen years.

COLONEL and Mrs. SCOTT

VISIT OLD CANADIAN BATTLEFIELDS AFTER MANY YEARS' SERVICE IN THE UNITED STATES

TO RETURN after long absence and view the scene of one's early days of service is a coveted experience. Such a privilege has recently fallen to Colonel and Mrs. T. W. Scott, now of the Western States of America, but for many years the King's servants in the Dominion of Canada.

On Saturday, August 29th, Colonel Scott reached the 65th year of his life, and thus became eligible to join the ranks of our honored warriors in retirement. So it was indeed fitting that ere the Colonel and his wife "return to the west, build a little nest, and let the rest of the world go by" (to use the Colonel's own words) that they should have opportunity to

audiences. His remarks in the morning were certainly to some point when he said: "These old veterans who return to us after many years of absence remind me of our glorious month leaf. Each passing month adds to it some new touch of charm and beauty. Even so has time enriched the personality and character of both Colonel and Mrs. Scott." (Applause.)

Colonel Scott, in his reply, immediately gained the attention of the crowd by his cordiality and genial sallies of humor. We learned that the city of Lindsay is somewhat in his debt, having jailed him for twenty-five days for infraction of the law. Cornwall also occupies a notable place in his history, being the last Corps he commanded as a single Officer. One Captain Piecy, in the year 1890, interrupted his erstwhile career of single bliss. It was also an odd coincidence that, after a quarter of a century's labor in America, he should now conduct meetings at the Toronto Temple, commanded by Adjutant Frank Ham, who was dedicated by the Colonel many (how many was not divulged) years ago in Vancouver.

Mrs. Scott's brief talks during the day contributed an element of tenderness which won for her many friends and sympathizers.

The Colonel's address in the Holiness meeting consisted of a definition of sin and a revealing of the way to



visit the battleground of their early days.

The Colonel was captured for God and The Army in Ingersoll, Ont., in the year 1884. So you may well imagine with what delight he paid a recent visit to the town of his spiritual birth to renew acquaintances with Comrades and friends of forty years ago.

A comprehensive itinerary has been arranged, according to which the Colonel and his wife will visit many points that hold for them precious memories. Already they have had blessed reunions and victorious soul-saving campaigns at London, Woodstock, Ingersoll and the Toronto Temple.

London was their first stopping place. Here a series of spirited meetings attracted large crowds, considering the heat, and as a result of the Sunday effort twenty seekers knelt at the mercy-seat. A particularly blessed reunion was that with which when the Colonel met his old Captain, "Glory Tom." Still another pleasing surprise was in store for the Colonel, and this time it was his spiritual mother, the woman who influenced his life for God and service, who greeted him. The name of Captain Annie O'Leary has always been intimately associated with the beginning of Army work in Woodstock, Ingersoll and other nearby towns, and her name will ever mean much to him who now enters a well-earned rest from the realm of official activity.

At Ingersoll the Colonel once more beheld the old house where he lost the burden of his sins. In Woodstock he looked upon the familiar scenes midst which he once fought for God. And then, last Sunday, August 30th, he and Mrs. Scott visited the Hub of Army things in the east. The Toronto Temple was the scene of two bright meetings, at both of which the unusually large congregations warmly acclaimed the Colonel and his wife.

The Field Secretary, Colonel Miller, was present throughout the day, and introduced the visitors to the several



freedom from its bondage. Sin might be an act, an expression; but sin might also be a principle, a disposition. Sin is sin whether committed or suppressed, and the purifying of the nature from all tendency to evil was the ideal experience for the Christian.

The Colonel's method of utterance is slow, deliberate, impressive. His subject matter was stimulating to heart and mind. Consciences were cut to the quick by his able exposition, and in the prayer meeting six sought the deliverance of which they had heard.

On Sunday afternoon the Colonel presided over a musical program given by the Band at Allan Gardens. The open-air audience numbered many hundreds and they listened to the various items with keen relish. A terse talk by the Colonel was also a valued item, and he took opportunity to thrust home some pointed Gospel truths.

Despite the hot weather the Temple was very nearly filled to capacity at night, only a few seats in the gallery being unoccupied.

A song, lined out by the Field Secretary, prayer by Brigadier Goodwin and Lieut. Colonel Jennings, a Scripture reading by Mrs. Lieut. Colonel Miller, were the preliminary items preceding addresses by Colonel

(Continued on column 4)

SIX CONGRESSES

Attended in Australasia by LIEUT.-COMMISSIONER UNSWORTH

WITH almost every mile of the outward journey lit by memories of twenty years ago, Lieut.-Commissioner Unsworth recently visited New Zealand and Australia, representing International Headquarters at six great Congresses.

"The Meetings in New Zealand," he stated, "recently, to a British 'War Cry' representative, 'were made most impressive by reason of their deep seriousness, and the manifest eagerness of the people for spiritual enlightenment. The presence of the Holy Ghost was mightily felt in the public Meetings, and as powerfully in the Bandmen's Council, the first to be held in this Territory. Local Officers' Meetings, Young People's Meetings, and so on, gave indication of the healthiness of the Army in this lovely land."

The sweeping galleries of the Wellington Town Hall had to be opened for the Sunday morning Meeting, and great crowds thronged the place to its utmost capacity for the afternoon and evening gatherings.

"The dislocation of transport caused by a labor disturbance made it doubtful as to whether I should arrive in Melbourne in time for the opening Congress, but the boat succeeded in making the port before the first Congress Day. Crowds assembled in the fine Exhibition Building. It was estimated that on the Sunday night no fewer than 5,000 were present."

"In the Town Hall, Adelaide, and again at Perth, similar 'beyond-expectation' meetings were held. Brisbane was a great surprise, for I knew it as a city of terrible droughts, often, alas, almost a city of starvation, but now, after twenty years, I discovered a bustling, all-time place whose briskness was well reflected in the excellently-planned and enthusiastic Congress Meetings."

"Sydney naturally presented the biggest opportunity. The Hippodrome was packed from floor to ceiling, not an empty foot of seating or standing room being unoccupied."

"It was a great sight in the Sunday night prayer meeting to see about a dozen stalwart men rise to their feet and step boldly to the penitent-form. Some knew so little of Army procedure that they had to be told how to kneel and seek Salvation, and their sincerity touched all who understood the cost of such volunteering to the task. Twenty others followed them. We were tired at the finish, but it was a grand day!"

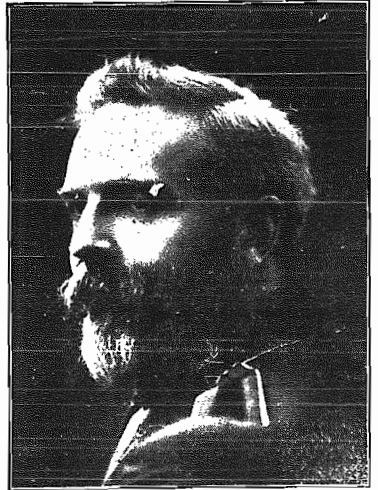
In addition to the Territorial Commanders the Commissioner met many old friends, some of whom had fought by his side in Australia and in the Homeland. His own sons and little grand-daughter were among those who greeted him. Almost every department of public life was represented by the chairmen and those who attended the Meetings, and by those who spoke of their appreciation of The Army, thus providing widespread indication of interest and confidence.

One of the developments which greatly impressed the Commissioner was the great increase The Army's Social Organizations in Australia. At Sydney he was present at the opening of a magnificent Men's Social Home in the centre of the city, and heard on all hands the appreciation of the people of all that The Army is doing in this direction.

DISASTROUS STORM

Queen Wilhelmina Thanks The Army for Assisting Homeless Villagers

THE terrible cyclone which recently passed over the district of East Zutphen, Holland, devastated several villages, rendered homeless thousands of the habitants, and caused many to suffer seriously. Immediately the storm subsided Sal-



COMMISSIONER DAVID LAMB, and Mrs. Commissioner Lamb, J.P., are programmed to visit the following Corps on the dates indicated:

Danforth—Sun., Sept. 27th, 11 a.m.
Earls Court—Sun., Sept. 27th, 3 p.m.
Lisgar St.—Sun., Sept. 27th, 7 p.m.
St. John, N.B.—Sat.-Sun., Oct. 3-4th.
Moncton, N.B.—Wed., Oct. 7th.
Halifax, N.S.—Fri., Oct. 9th.
London, Ont.—Thurs., Oct. 15th.

vationists hurried to the spot, and have since done their utmost to alleviate suffering. Lieut.-Colonel King, the Chief Secretary, wired the Chief of the Staff informing him of the calamity and received in return a message of sympathy.

Whilst The Army Officers were busy helping the people at Boreloo, Queen Wilhelmina visited the place. Her Majesty approached The Army Officers, expressed her satisfaction at seeing them on the spot, and shook hands in a very genial manner.

and Mrs. Scott.

The Colonel chose an oft-quoted text, but used it in a new setting. "I am the Way . . . the Truth and the Life." "If there is a way; then we may travel; if there is truth then we may know; if there is life, then we may live. The Lord Jesus was magnified as the Way to pardon, peace, purity and power, and at the invitation five men and women stepped from the downward to the upward way."

Those at the seat of mercy were as diverse in appearance as the two poles. Two young men of student aspect respectively bowed at the Redeemer's feet. Beside them wept a youth garbed in rough, ranchy attire. But God had no respect to externals—He met all three at the only place where He ever keeps trust with sinners—the foot of the Cross. A middle-aged woman, dark-complected, uncertain, a stranger, sought forgiveness midst new surroundings, white to her right two young ladies found peace with God.

WINDSOR I. BAND Campaigns in Flint, Michigan

WINDSOR I. CITADEL BANDSMEN, led by Bandmaster George Cobbett, visited the city of Flint recently, and were tendered an exceedingly warm reception. Arriving on Saturday afternoon, they were met by the Flint Band and Soldiers, and after a very glad re-union between many old Comrades, they retired to the Young People's Hall, where the Home League Secretary, Mrs. George Clyde and her able staff of assistants, had provided a feast of good things.

Adjutant and Mrs. O. A. Sandgren, the new Officers, very feelingly expressed the pleasure it gave them to welcome the Windsor Band to the Motor City. The Adjutant said that the first thought that came to him when he received his orders for Flint, was that he would at last be able to hear the Windsor Band. Corps Sergt. Major Bearcraft, an old Canadian friend, asked God's blessing upon the week-end services.

At 5 o'clock, in the auditorium, the Windsor boys rendered a Musical Festival, among the items being the following:—March, "Flag of Freedom"; Selections, "My Protector," "Army of the Brave," and "Unmeasured Love."

The incidental items included a euphonium solo by the Bandmaster, a song by the Male Voice Party, an instrumental quartet by Bandsmen Doherty, Dunkley, Smith and Cobbett, a vocal solo by Bandsman Cornish and a trombone trio by Bandsmen Camper, Wade and Stewart. Band-Sergeant Vosey gave the Scripture reading, and the proceedings terminated with "Our Conquering Army" march, which was finely played.

Sunday morning's Holiness Meeting, conducted by Major Bristow, the Divisional Commander, was a blessed occasion, and most helpful to the many who attended. Bandsmen Davis and McMillan testified to the joys of Full Consecration. The United Bands provided the music at this service.

In the afternoon another musical event took place, with the visitors taking the lead part. The Flint Band also rendered some very beautiful selections, under the leadership of Bandmaster Broughton, who spoke of the marked improvement in the visiting combination since he last heard them. At night there was a red-hot Salvation meeting, conducted by Major Bristow, ably assisted by Adjutant and Mrs. Sandgren.

The Flint Band played the boys to their private car, where a great crowd of citizens had gathered to bid them farewell. The Band also played a few selections before the train pulled out. Clayton Penny-leigh, who accompanied the Band as the special representative of the "Border Cities Star," also carried letters of thanks to the Mayor and the Commanding Officer of Flint from the Mayor of Windsor for the splendid reception accorded the Band. Mayor J. L. Transue, of Flint, is a frequent attendant at the services in Flint.

Woe to them that are at ease in the meeting house.

If you are traveling to Heaven, don't load up with souvenirs and bric-a-brac; they have better ornaments there already than any worldly traps you've got.

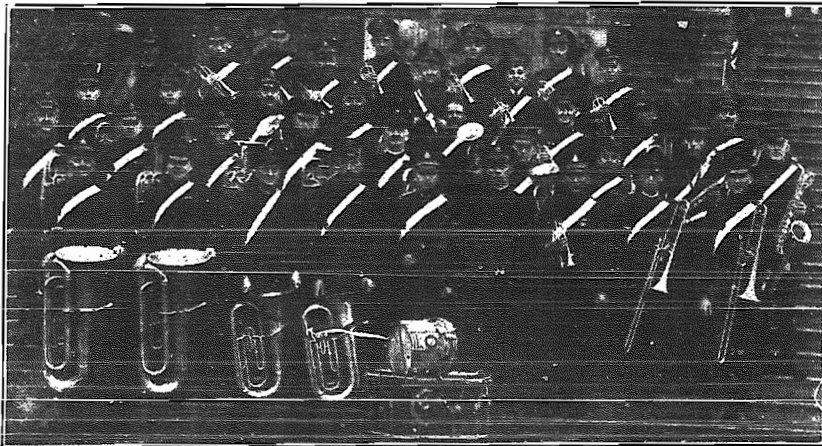
THE ARMY SONG BOOK AN INDISPENSABLE ITEM FOR THE SOLDIER'S KNAPSACK

IN RECENT years there has grown up in The Army a custom which is more and more likely to produce good results as days go by. It is the custom which is followed in many Corps, of presenting new Converts with a copy of The Army Song-Book.

The coming of this compact book with its wonderful selection of songs fitted for every occasion, indexed with four separate indices, each having its own special purpose, and arranged so that any stranger to the volume can find a song to meet his particular need, has been a great accession of strength in Salvation Army warfare. Since its introduction Salvation Soldiers have become familiar with scores of battle-songs. Local Officers have developed a wide selection in their minds, while musicians are continually discovering new melodies to which old words can be sung with renewed power.

But the book is scarcely yet at the beginning of its influence. It is being used, along with the Bible, for private devotion in a way which has added remarkably to its power. Old warriors are daily discovering new wealth in its contents. New Converts turn to it when harassed and perplexed. Officers and open-air fighters, generally equipped with verses from its pages, point their appeals to sinners and encourage their Comrades to more valiant service by use of its sublime messages.

The arrangement of the book is simple and effective. The selection of the various songs was carried out under The Founder's personal direction. Well did he know the message that the Salvation Soldier needed—the prayers



Bandmaster Stanley Collier and the Vancouver I. Band. A number of the Bandsmen were absent when the photograph was taken

in song that he would wish to utter and the battle-strains which would help him in the fight.

It is common knowledge that many of the tunes now in everyday use in The Army have been adapted by us from secular, in some cases even from music-hall melodies. How great has been the enrichment of the Kingdom of



COLLINGWOOD BAND: A famous Australian Combination

God by this adaptation will never be known, but some idea of its value can be gathered from a swift selection from the Song-Book of those songs now in general use whose tunes were originally associated with secular words. In many cases such tunes have almost entirely lost themselves in their Salvation setting.

There is one great reason why every Salvation Soldier should have in his personal possession a copy of "Salvation Army Songs." In the continual singing of certain words to familiar tunes, we are in danger of repeating promises and making vows which in quieter moments we might well realize we were not willing to fulfil. The prayerful study of the verses, line by line, will help us to appreciate the reasonableness of the claims made upon us by God, the possibility of our being given strength to accept our responsibility and rejoice in the sacrifice entailed. We ought to understand the words we sing, to accept the burden of the keeping of our vows intelligently made. And if we are to do this we must make ourselves familiar from beginning to end with the song in which we pledge ourselves for service.

Favorite Hymns No. 1

"WHAT A FRIEND WE HAVE IN JESUS"

IT HAS BEEN SAID that nearly all the great masterpieces of art and literature are sympathetic, and that is one reason for their enduring hold upon mankind. For the amazing popularity of this simple hymn, "What a Friend we Have in Jesus," one is led to place in the forefront its genuine sympathetic note, which makes its appeal universal.

Joseph Scriven, the author of the hymn, was born in Dublin, Ireland, in 1820. He was educated at Trinity College in his native city, and at the age of twenty-five he emigrated to Canada where he lived in a humble little home at Port Hope, on Lake Ontario. His people in Ireland were in comfortable circumstances and his early bright life was such that the lonely life he lived in later years must have been very trying.

Scriven was a man of very deep religious convictions. He gave to those who asked of him, and those who sought to borrow he did not turn away. During the twenty-five years he lived in Port Hope, his name became fragrant because of his simply gracious life, and his anxiety to be of service to the unfortunate.

When a young man, he was engaged to be married to a lady whom he had known and loved for a long time. Shortly before the wedding day arrived, his promised bride was accidentally drowned, and he was plunged into the deepest sorrow. It is thought by many that these circumstances may have led him to seek a home in this country, and may also account for that tender, sympathetic note which predominates in the hymn.

He did not write the hymn to general use, but rather to comfort his mother in Ireland, and to strengthen his own trust in God. He sent one copy to his mother, and gave another to the lady with whom he was staying at the time. While he published a small book of hymns, this one was not among them, and for some considerable time its authorship was not known. In some hymnals it was incorrectly attributed to Doctor Horatius Bonar, while fact at least testifies to the very high place it held in the thought of Christian people. After Scriven's death, however, he became recognized as its author. He died at Port Hope, Ontario, under circumstances of peculiar sadness on October 10th, 1891.

THE TROMBONE

THE trombone is truly the chief of the species of wind instruments designated "legitimate instruments." It possesses in an eminent degree both nobleness and grandeur; it can produce all the deep and sorrowful accents of high musical poetry, from the religious accents, calm and imposing, to the wild clamors of the oryx. It has in it the ability to chant like a choir of priests, to lament, threaten, rail, hymn of glory, ring a funeral knell, or sound its flourish to awaken the dead or to doom the living.

The great masters of the past have comprehended the importance of this instrument, and with wonderful effectiveness they have applied the various characteristics of its deplorable human nature and passion, and illustrating the sounds of earth.

A FEW INTERESTING FACTS FOR BUSY HOUSEWIVES

THE PRESERVATION OF FOOD • THE PROPER CARE OF MILK

FOOD spoils because germs grow in it. To prevent this growth of germs we put food to be preserved through a process that will kill the germs which spoil food.

Fruits and vegetables should be canned as soon as possible after they are picked. One of the causes of spoilage is letting them stand for several hours in a warm place, in bags or in covered containers. This is especially true of berries, cherries, peaches and other fruits.

It is best to can a few jars at a time. When a great deal of canning is done, it is almost impossible to work so fast but what some of the food has to stand for a long time. Conditions may then arise which are suitable for the growth of germs which later spoil the food. We find these to be due to several causes—some harmless to humans, some harmful. The harmless spoilage comes from molds and yeasts.

Food often and readily becomes moldy. In some cases the food is completely spoiled; in others, the decomposition is not enough to make the food useless.

When fruit stands for a few days, it begins to sour and ferment. The sugar changes to alcohol and carbonic acid gas. This change is caused by another group of organisms known as yeasts. They are present everywhere, and grow in and spoil sugary liquids, crushed fruits and jellies that do not have sufficient sugar.

More sugar than sixty-five per cent, prevents their growth. This is the reason for syrups, jellies, candies and marmalade not spoiling readily, since they contain enough sugar to prevent molding or fermentation.

Leaky jars become infected with yeast cells from the air, and the housewife thinks the loss is caused

by the entrance of air. It is in reality caused by yeast cells coming in contact with the air. Air alone will not cause souring.

The spoiling of jars of fruit usually means imperfect sealing and leaky containers into which yeasts or molds enter after sterilization. As the jars or cans cool after sterilization, the contents contract, forming a vacuum through which air with mold and yeast cells is drawn into the container has a small leak.

MILK should always be kept clean, covered and cool. These three points are as important to the producer as to the consumer. Regardless of how well milk has been handled and cared for till it is delivered to the consumer, it cannot be expected to remain sweet and have a good flavor if it is carelessly handled in the home.

In most towns and cities, milk may be purchased in bottles. This is the best way of buying it. The dairy-

parboiling. In modern community milk pasteurization is always employed and is a sanitary safeguard that should never be neglected where the health of a community is valued.

If milk is not efficiently pasteurized at the dairy, the housewife can and should do it herself with a sauceman or double boiler and a dairy thermometer. The milk is heated to a temperature of 145 degrees Fahrenheit and held at this temperature for thirty minutes, but not boiled. The milk should then be chilled and kept cool until consumed. Pasteurized milk is just as reliable, just as nutritious and much more safe than raw milk. There is no more objection to the process than there is to the cooking of meat.

Where milk must be purchased in bulk, not in bottles, it should be measured into a clean glass jar with a glass lid but with no rubber. This jar should be used for no other purpose than receiving milk.

Milk should be kept at a temperature below 50 degrees Fahrenheit. Clean milk will keep sweet at this temperature for twenty-four hours after it reaches the consumer. Often milk is delivered as early as 4 o'clock in the morning and remains in the sun until 8 or 9 o'clock. This is a bad practice and milk so treated cannot be expected to remain sweet. If the milk cannot be brought into the house soon after delivery, a covered box or sheltered place should be provided and the delivery man asked to leave the milk there. A rise in temperature of milk for a short time will cause the development of bacteria leading to early souring, while the growth of bacteria is held in check by keeping the milk cool. Where ice is not available during the summer, milk should be kept in the coolest possible place.



Members of the Sault Ste. Marie H. Home League, with H.L. Secretary Sister Greatrix

Bacteria in canned vegetables may form extremely poisonous compounds. Some of these cause food poisoning and botulism. It is therefore necessary that such foods be carefully selected and packed, and thoroughly sterilized so that all germs are killed, and poisoning will not occur. Foods high in acid are easily sterilized; those low in acid are difficult to sterilize.

man who bottles his products should be encouraged by the use of his milk, other conditions being equal. Milk in bottles is more easily kept clean and cool during delivery and is more easily handled in the home.

Milk may carry the germs of tuberculosis, diphtheria, typhoid and scarlet fever. The simplest way to destroy such germs is by pasteurization. This is simply a scientific

WHAT BECAME OF SMITH?

THIS little story is written in answer to the questions so often heard: "Do Army Converts stand?" and, "What becomes of them?"

"Oh, I say, Adjutant, do you remember that night away back in 1886, in Orangeville, Ontario, when a poor drunken fellow named Smith came forward, got sobered up and professed to be saved?" Such was the query put to the woman Officer who was in charge of the Corps at the time mentioned.

The person addressed, at once replied: "Yes, indeed I do; and also how he told me very plainly before he consented to come forward, that we would have a hard time with him. And so we did, but a sense of shame and sorrow took hold of him suddenly, and as suddenly sobered him up so that he could talk reasonably. He seemed to get a clear understanding of his position and to know quite well what he was saying when he testified to the saving Grace of God."

"But did you ever hear what became of him? I understand he was only in Orangeville a little while afterwards."

"Well," replied the Officer, "I never learned very much, other than that he kept straight for some time and was doing his best to provide for his wife and children, which he had sadly neglected doing before. But I lost track of him altogether after a few months and never heard afterwards where he went or how he got along. I have often wondered."

The Facts of the Case

"That is just about the answer I expected, Adjutant, but I happen to be in possession of some facts connected with the case of Smith, which very few know and of which you may be glad to hear."

The informant continued, "You may not have found out, but Smith had a pretty fair education, as well as some natural ability as a speaker and a writer. After he left Orangeville he went to

The question is often asked, "Do Army Converts stand true to God?" Here is one instance, but typical of many others, which proves that they do; for Smith, after being sobered and saved in The Salvation Army, became a Methodist Minister and died in action.

Elora to work in the carpet factory as a weaver, for he had learned that trade in England, and was recognized as a splendid workman so long as he left the drink alone. Shortly after taking the position at Elora, he was stricken seriously ill. This was probably due to his former dissipation and the fact that he had not sufficient clothing to protect him properly in the cold weather, as he had been stinting himself in order to send all possible of his wages to his family. However, after some weeks, he made very fair recovery, and in the meantime his employers were kind enough to hold his position for him.

"The change in his life was remarkable, and he soon began to show ability by speaking in the public Meetings and also to develop some literary talent. He was just beginning to 'find his feet' financially when I left Elora, where I had first met him and learned the story of his previous life.

The Methodist Minister

"It must have been about twelve years later, when I was located in a small town in Michigan, up in what they call 'The Thumb,' for that State is very much the shape of a man's hand and the three counties which project into Lake Huron are very like a thumb. Upon going to Church one Sunday morning, I found a strange minister in charge. I enjoyed his sermon, but told my wife upon going home that there was something about the preacher which seemed to peculiarly impress me, though I could not tell what it was. I heard him again that evening, when he chose for his lesson that passage from the Old Testament in which it speaks about a man's life being like a weaver's shuttle, and while he was reading I suddenly recognized Smith, whom I had known in Elora.

"I sought an interview with him and learned that he had been accepted, on probation, into the Methodist Episcopal Church, and was in charge of a Rural Field near by. Being personally acquainted with some members of his Church, I learned from them of his faithful and successful work. I believe it was a year or so later that he

was transferred to another Field, still quite close by and perhaps considered of a little more importance because it was on a railway line. Here I met him a number of times and heard of the progress of the work under his direction and how he was getting along personally.

"Recently, I have been reading reports in the weekly newspaper, published in that district, regarding the splendid work being carried on by that Church and feel sure that the strength of the cause there may be attributed largely to the faithful work done by Smith. Suddenly Smith's health failed, and he went down so rapidly that he died a few months later.

It was Worth all the Trouble

"What became of his family? Well, I met Mrs. Smith and one daughter a number of times while he was on his last Field. I never heard where Mrs. Smith went, but they had a married daughter living somewhere in the Western States, and she may have gone with her. They had managed to give the younger daughter a course in the Methodist Episcopal College at Albion, Michigan, after which she was married to a young gentleman graduate from the same institution, and together they went to do missionary work in Korea. And, now, Adjutant, I would just like to ask if you think the 'hard time' you had with Smith that night was worth while?"

"That is a question you hardly need ask," answered the Officer. "The utmost satisfaction has always come to me from the service itself, but to learn that such a 'brand plucked from the burning' has remained steadfast to the end and been used of God to help others, together with the fact that through it his daughter was enlisted to join the noble army of mission workers in foreign fields, makes me feel especially grateful that my efforts were at least partially instrumental in bringing about the change in Smith. Surely it may be said that while he rests from his labors, his works do follow him, and possibly, some day we may learn something of the work accomplished in Korea through the efforts of his daughter."

MOULDING GIRLHOOD IN HAWAII

THE HAWAIIAN ISLANDS, numbering thirteen in all, lie off the California Coast and in the Northern Pacific. Five of the islands are barren and only four are of considerable size. Of these, Oahu, although not the largest island by any means, is the chief. Honolulu, the capital of Hawaii, is located on this island and is the commercial centre for all trade piled to and from the outside world.

It is adjacent to this thriving center that The Army's ever-growing ramifications have reached, and where, under the kindly and capable ministrations of two devoted Officers, girl orphans by death or desertion or by any other cause, are rescued, tenderly shepherded and given a proper start in life.

The Officers in question are Field-Major Sabine and Commandant Payne. These comrades, who for thirteen years have not seen their native land, are now flourishing in Oahu. We admire their devotion, their courage, their Salvationism, and thank God for such unselfish women.

The Home harbors girls ranging in age from two to twenty years, and has at present time one hundred and twenty under its roof. "How do you manage such a large family?" we queried. "Surely it must tax your patience and wits to keep within reasonable limits six score rollicking, fun-loving girls." "Kindness is the secret," stated the Field-Major. "A

quiet talk and a little prayer is usually sufficient to subdue any rebellious girl."

Success in such an institution can only be assured just as long as its occupants are kept busy. So is it with these girls, and in order to insure success a curriculum has been prepared which calls for a constant round of duties and pastimes. It is a surprising fact that no outside labor is hired, with the exception of the farm-hands: all work is performed by the girls—and performed well. Although at the age of twenty it is permissible for the girl to leave the Home and strike out in the world for herself, yet inducements are offered in order that she might remain, for a time at least. So terrible are the settlements with which a girl is faced when she leaves the Home that this plan has been thought to be essential. For this purpose a bakery and tea-room is operated on the premises and the girls are given the chance of congenial employment amid agreeable surroundings. This venture was commenced about three years ago at a cost of \$35,000. Mr. Wilcox, a wealthy gentleman, residing on the island, who is vastly interested in The Army's work, gave a handsome donation. The expenditure of this sum has been amply justified by the excellent results that have been observed. The tea room is one of the most popular resorts

in the district.

There is no time to be dull in the Home. Everything is provided for the girl that would contribute to her happiness and well-being. Among the many attractions perhaps their own Band is the "star" feature. The Band is composed entirely of the girls in the Home and numbers twenty-four players. All the girls learned to play in the Home, and it is said on good authority that they can play, too! The Bandmistress is a product of the Home and is a credit to those who had a hand in her upbringing. She is of Hawaiian and Chinese parentage and has succeeded in her studies so well that she is now a Normal School student. The "baby" of the Band is a little lass of eleven summers. The oldest is the Field-Major, who is no whit behind her youthful associates. The Band's fame is abroad from one end of Hawaii to the other, and, as a result, many demands are made upon it by interested outsiders, and not a few trips have been undertaken. Perhaps the most successful of these was a tour made some time ago of the three main islands. Considerable expense was involved, but they were able to return home \$1,000 to the good. Mr. Wilcox has also proved himself a beneficent friend to the Band. He has made them a gift of a \$3,000 motor bus, in which they travel from place to place fulfilling

their engagements in comfort.

The religious instruction of the girls is as conscientiously observed as any other phase of the work. This is of course not the easiest of tasks, when one considers that a dozen different nationalities have their own ideas of religion shaped according to what she was previous to her entry into the Home. But love triumphs every time. No matter what their creed or national faith may be they all understand the religion of love. A Company Meeting is held each Sunday. There are ten Companies and the Company Guards are chosen from the girls that profess conversion. A Young People's Legion is also in operation among the older girls. In addition to these Meetings, opportunity is given for any who wish to attend the Honolulu Corps. The following incident proves that "Love will triumph."

A Japanese lass, who had sunk as low as it was almost possible to sink, approached the Field-Major and pleaded for admission to the Home. The Major consented and the girl was admitted. In keeping with their fond hopes she responded immediately to the healthful conditions obtaining and developed into a splendid young woman. She subsequently left the Home, has since married respectably and now is a happy mother. Her child she declares, is some day going to be an Army Officer.



FIELD-MAJOR SABINE



COMMANDANT PAYNE

EXHIBITION SUNDAY AT TORONTO'S PARENT CORPS

(Continued from page 8)

It was "Army" night! Throughout the season, on Sunday evenings, various Army Bands of the city have been rendering at these services assistance which the representative of the committee that has the organization of these Beach meetings, described as "service which we can never repay." But to-night, the great final event of the year, the opportunity was placed entirely in The Army's hands.

And right well did the Commissioner use the occasion. The manner the large congregation was encouraged to join in the service was a splendid achievement. How heartily they joined in singing "Yield not to temptation," and other old favorites! How they listened to Colonel Aubry's solemn, to the direct and forceful words of Colonel Morehen! How reverent while the Chief Secretary brought the great crowd to the Heavenly Father in supplication! How attentive to the Commissioner's earnest and reasoned exhortation!

There was no glossing of grim realities, and it was with pointed questions that the Territorial Commander made his final appeal. "Do your sins ever trouble you? How are you going to get rid of them? Do they trouble you? If they do, God has sent Jesus to turn you away from your sin."

A penitents' form is not among the permissible things at Sunnyside Beach, but one dares to believe that some strident souls, before the night had passed, found the place of repentance and made the angels' heart rejoice.

A fine opportunity, finely used! A seed-sowing, the harvesting of which Heaven alone can reveal.

LITTLE KNOWN BITS OF CANADIAN HISTORY

No. 2.—THE SELKIRK SETTLEMENT

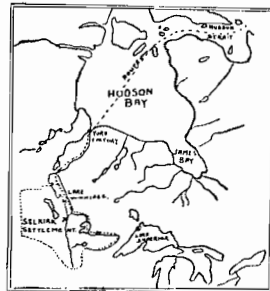
AS A RECORD of deeds of valor, heroism and fortitude in no particular does the story of Lord Selkirk's early settlers on the Red River lose color by comparison with more spectacular events in Canadian history.

This experiment was not Lord Selkirk's premier attempt at colonization. He had made two earlier attempts in 1804, one on Prince Edward Island, and the other in Eastern Upper Canada. These had prospered to such an extent that he determined to launch his Red River scheme. His well laid plans went far astray and he died broken-hearted eight years afterwards, a victim, it is said, of the selfishness of his rivals who could not see the great national motives behind his scheme for settlement in the West.

Thomas Douglas Selkirk, fifth Earl of his family, succeeded in 1793 to the title. The estate was in the Highlands of Scotland, and at that time marked changes were coming over the land. Vast tracts were being changed from small farms into grazing lands and deer forests, and the wholesale eviction of the crofters had brought many contented people to the verge of dire poverty. It was to aid these unfortunate people that Selkirk organized his emigration parties to the then British colonies. Some 116,000 square miles were set aside for him, and the first party of settlers arrived at the end of August, 1812. They took up settlement at a point very close to the present city of Winnipeg.

The journey between Winnipeg and other large municipalities in Canada is now only a matter of a short time

of luxurious travel. But to the settlers of Lord Selkirk it was a grave and dangerous venture. They left Scotland on sailing ships and entered Hudson Bay by way of Hudson's Strait, and disembarked at York Factory. They made their way to



Dotted line shows route taken by first settlers in the West in 1812

Lake Winnipeg by the Hayes River, traversed the entire length of the lake and ended their journey on the north bank of the Assiniboine River opposite where the waters of the Red River entered. There were twenty-two in the first party, all men. The leader was Miles Macdonell. They at once sowed grain as soon as they had turned up the sod. By the Fall of 1813 additions to the colony had brought the number up to a hundred, but the wheat harvest was a total failure. Undismayed they

tried again but the crop of 1814 was also a failure.

In the late Summer of 1815 they for the first time in the history of the world, saw something of the potential powers of the Western prairies to grow wheat. Properly was just dawning when Indians and half-breeds in the employ of the North-West Company decided that the settlement must be done away with. They swept down upon the little hamlet, stole the horses, burnt the buildings and scattered the colony. Some of these unfortunate people made their way to Upper Canada, but many hid in the neighborhood, returned and built anew. The half-breeds renewed their onslaught and at a spot known as Seven Oaks the battle was fought and twenty-one of the colonists were killed.

The tidings reached Fort William in the dead of winter. Men listened passionately to the appeal for help and set forth to accomplish what was possibly the first act of retribution in the story of justice in Western Canada. Battling through winter weather and rough territory, they covered the hundreds of miles between Fort William and the Red River. With a swift, sudden stroke they captured the fort and made its half-breeds prisoners. The scattered colonists were gathered in, and Lord Selkirk visited the place in person. But there were still great difficulties standing in the path of progress, and it was not until 1829 that these sturdy colonists were enjoying prosperity.

Adversities had followed quickly one upon the other, and the colony was now no longer in a prosperous condition than the Hudson Bay Company offered to purchase, at a good price, all the wheat they could raise. Mills were erected for grinding the wheat, there was great expansion, and by 1850 almost all the people resided in the Red River colony.

DISPATCHES from the FIELD

The CHIEF SECRETARY and MRS. POWLEY visit Bracebridge

BRACEBRIDGE was visited by the Chief Secretary and Mrs. Powley on the occasion of their recent tour of the North Bay Division. The meeting, which was held on Wednesday, August 26th, was a time of spiritual stimulation for the Comrades of the Corps, and was productive of much good.

A fairly well-attended open-air preceded a record-breaking indoor attendance where an enthusiastic welcome was extended to the visitors. An opening song and prayer and a word of welcome by Major Knight, the Divisional Commander, in which it was mentioned that this was Colonel and Mrs. Powley's first visit to Bracebridge, was followed by a solo from Mrs. Powley. The Chief Secretary then spoke, thanking the Comrades for the heartiness of their welcome and giving a brief address on the Army's work. Major Knight and his daughter then sang, and an interesting talk from Mrs. Powley followed.

The Colonel's final message was filled with precious thoughts. A company of Huntsville Comrades, including Ensign Luxton and a number of Bandsmen, motored over for the occasion and assisted in making the meeting a success.

HAMILTON IV.

Adjutant and Mrs. Graves Staff-Captain and Mrs. Ritchie were with us on Sunday and the meetings during the day brought us very near to God. At night there was a good attendance at the open-air and at the Salvation meeting two sought God.

FLORENCE, N.S.

Captain Chard, Lieutenant Cobbett Major and Mrs. Ritchie were with us recently. Mrs. Ritchie spoke to us in the morning and we were all blessed. In the afternoon we went to the Conto Mines and conducted an open-air meeting. At night the Orange and True Blue Society paraded to our Hall, which was packed to the doors. The Major gave the address and the meeting was greatly blessed of God. We have welcomed Lieutenant Cobbett into our midst.

MONTREAL I.

Ensign and Mrs. McBain Staff-Captain and Mrs. Owen were in charge of recent week-end meetings. Splendid crowds gathered, especially at the open-air meetings. The Staff-Captain blessed us considerably with his Bible talks and Mrs. Owen soloed effectively. A very pleasing feature was the testimonies of some converts who had been saved the previous Sunday. Brigadier Sims, just arrived from England with a party of boys, attended Sunday night's meeting and took part. The Brigadier also gave a powerful address and one seeker came forward. The Band and Songsters and each section of the Corps worked nobly and well throughout the week-end.

HALIBURTON Captain Clarke

Adjutant Cranwell, a former Corps Officer, and Envoy Brokenshire were with us for a recent week-end. Record crowds gathered to hear these Comrades and their messages in music and address were a source of inspiration to all. An enrolment of Soldiers was conducted recently.

NEW ABERDEEN

Captain McNab, Lieutenant Ward Lieutenant Brymer has said farewell, after a stay of twelve months, and we have welcomed Lieutenant Ward. God is blessing our Corps; souls are being saved and inspiration is being imparted to the Comrades.

WHITBY

Lieutenants Piffey and Hallem The first lawn social to be held under the auspices of our Corps drew a good crowd on a recent date. In the afternoon various booths were kept busy. The chief program was given during the evening. Ex-Mayor Bassett occupied the chair and in a brief address referred to the work of The Army being carried on throughout the world. Oshawa Band, under the leadership of Deputy-Bandmaster Sargent, played during the evening, and was heard with appreciation. A Male Choir, composed of members of the Band, also gave a number of selections.

HESPELER

Captain and Mrs. Powell A special revival service was held on Thursday and during the prayer meeting eight came out for Conversion. On the following Sunday the Band gave a festival of music at Pusshin Lake, which was well attended. In the Sunday night meeting three more wanderers returned to God. Following the meeting the Band again gave another festival in Forbis Park. On Tuesday night a Soldier's meeting was held and one soul was saved. Our Troop of Life-Saving Guards is getting along nicely.

CHARLOTTETOWN, P.E.I.

Adjutant and Mrs. Davis Old memories were revived and much inspiration received through the visit of Field-Major Sabine, of Honolulu. The Major, who left us thirty-five years ago, led our meetings on a recent Sunday. A crowd, which filled the Citadel to overflowing and left many standing outside, gathered to witness the wedding of Secretary Mrs. Blenkhorn and

Brother Clark by Adjutant Davis. Field-Major Sabine, Captain Reynolds and Brother Chandler each spoke of the sterling character of our Comrades and wished them God's blessing.

WILFORS I.

Adjutant and Mrs. Bunton Recent week-end meetings were conducted by Lieut. Colonel and Mrs. Jennings, assisted by Mrs. Major Bristow. The Colonel was accompanied by his daughters, Lucretia and Ethel. Four rousing, old-time Salvation meetings were held, attended by record crowds, and at the close of the day four knelt at the Cross. The Young People's Band, led by Band Leader C. Rawlings, rendered valiant service all through the week-end and so great was the crowd at the Saturday night open-air service that they had to move to a more spacious street. Sergeant-Major Smith, in the absence of the Corps Officers, has been efficiently conducting the Meetings.

LEAMINGTON

Ensign and Mrs. Harrison We were recently favored with a visit from Bandsman Cook, of Windsor, who proved of great assistance to our Band which rendered splendid service throughout the day. We rejoiced at night when ten souls sought Salvation.

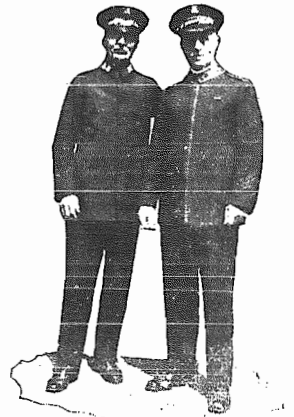
HAILEYBURY

Lieutenants Jensen and Clarke We are glad to report victory at our Corps. A Home League has been organized and we are hopeful that this section will be of great usefulness in the future. God is blessing our labors, and we recently had the joy of seeing two seeking and finding Salvation.

HALIFAX I.
Commandant and Mrs. Jordan It is with sorrow that we record the passing of an old veteran, in the person of Sister Mrs. L. Nickerson. She was a Soldier of our Corps, but being an invalid for some years, she could not attend the meetings very much. Commandant Jordan held a short service at the home, after which she was laid to rest with Army honours.

MONTREAL VIII.

Captain Ward, Lieutenant Toms Much interest and blessing featured our meeting last Thursday, which was conducted by Adjutant Jones and the Band from Montreal IV. Last Sunday's Holiness meeting proved to be a great help to all who were



Colonel Scott and Lieut.-Colonel McAmmond, snapped at London, Ont.

Newfoundland Notes

SUB-TERRITORIAL .. COLONEL CLOUD ..
COMMANDER- ST. JOHN'S.

COLONEL CLOUD recently interviewed the Executive Government of Newfoundland in connection with certain Social matters, and it is anticipated that much good will result.

The work at No. III. Day School is making satisfactory progress, and it is hoped that the school will be ready for opening early in September.



Captains Bruce Jennings and Louise Ivany, recently married at St. John's by Colonel Cloud.

Adjutant Bishop, Chief Side Officer of the Training Garrison, St. John's, called for London by the S.S. "Newfoundland" on August 30th, to be present at the Training Garrison Councils.

Field-Major Stickland, of St. John's I., has had to enter the General Hos-

pital for a serious operation. Mrs. Adjutant Bntt, Mrs. Adjutant Woodland, Mrs. Adjutant Caines and Captain Moulard are in the Women's Hospital for treatment. We ask the prayers of our Comrades on their behalf.

It is interesting to note that eight Salvation Army teachers will attend the next Normal Training School term as students, for the complete teacher's course.

The amalgamated schools at Deer Lake and Hampden are under the principalship of Captain Jennings and Ensign Burridge, respectively. We feel sure that they will be a credit to their profession.

Reports to hand from Deer Lake, Britannia and Hare Bay are very interesting, and show that the Officers of the "Excelsior" Session have made a good beginning. Quite a number of souls have knelt at the mercy seat.

COMFORT COVE

Commandant Morgan, Captain Pitcher

The blessing of God is resting upon the work at this Corps. On a recent Sunday night six seekers, five of whom were young men, knelt at the mercy-seat and sought forgiveness. We are full of hope for great victories in the coming months.

BRITANNIA

The first Sunday's meetings at this Corps (a new opening) were very impressive. One soul surrendered. The spirit and enthusiasm of the Comrades bespeak great victories in the future. We expect to have our Hall ready for opening at Christmas.

there. The night meeting was conducted by Envoy and Mrs. Browning; conviction was very much felt in the meeting. At the close of the following Tuesday night's meeting, one surrendered for Salvation.—M. A. Barber.

SYDNEY

Captain and Mrs. Howlett

Recent week-end meetings were conducted by Major and Mrs. Ritchie. On Saturday evening a rousing open-air was conducted, at which two hundred people gathered to listen to the message of Salvation in music and song. Sunday morning's inside meeting was preceded by an open-air, which was well attended. The Hall was filled for the evening service and seven sought God.

ESSEX

Adjutant Moffatt, Captain Chivers

Week-end meetings were led by Captain and Mrs. Church, and were times of great blessing. On Monday evening about seventy Comrades gathered in the Hall for a banquet. Both Captain and Mrs. Church spoke briefly. Major Bristow also gave some words of encouragement and prayed God's blessing on our Comrades in their labors. The Captain entered the Training Garrison from Essex. Our good wishes and prayers go with these Comrades.

ST. THOMAS

Field-Major and Mrs. Higdon Several visitors, old Comrades of the Corps, were here for the week-end. The Holiness meeting was conducted by Captain Bobbitt and proved a great blessing to all present. The praise meeting was led by Lieut. Murray. Rev. Petrie, also a former Soldier, retired the night Meeting and God was present. The Band and Songsters were in full attendance during the week-end, and also held an open-air service at Fingal on Monday evening, great interest being shown by the villagers.

"I'll ask for my pay in the morning," he told his chum, "and you'll not see me around here after I get it."

While he was speaking, the mate, a burly chap, by the name of Gustavson, came in from the forecastle and ordered Eric to take the first watch and posted him close to the small gangplank, where all who came on the ship went ashore would have to cross. There was nothing special to do, and the boy was beginning to think that he had an unnecessary job when someone screamed close at hand, and there came a k-plunk sort of noise from the side of the ship.

Eric ran to the rail, and, looking down, saw a man lying face down in the mud and vainly trying to get out. His efforts were unavailing, and the lad saw that only quick action would save him from death. Seizing the end of a rope, he tied it to the rail and lowered himself, hand under hand, to the unfortunate man's side.

Other sailors, who had heard the cry of help, came running to the side then, and one of them flung a second rope to Eric. The boy coiled it under the man's armpits and then gave a signal for the men on the ship to pull. Several men took hold, and within a few minutes had lifted him completely free of the morass and aboard the boat.

Eric climbed up shortly after, and immediately asked who the unfortunate man was.

"It's Gustavson, and he blames you for his fall, although he's drunk," one of the men said. "The best thing you can do is to hurry off."

"But I wasn't to blame," Eric exclaimed. "It wasn't my fault that he fell in, and I can't see why he should get after me."

"No, and maybe the rest of us can't, either," the other answered; "but you'd better take a friend's advice and beat it while the beating's good."

Tortured by Mate

Eric left and went below. When he was about to enter the forecastle one of the sailors touched him on the shoulder and told him he was wanted in the captain's cabin.

"He asked to see you after Gustavson came in and made his report of the accident," the sailor said.

Eric followed the man to the cabin and knocked at the door. The captain opened it, and the boy found himself face to face with the mate, who had washed his face and hands, but not yet changed his clothes. He was an awesome sight.

"So you're the little rat that let me fall into the mud," the mate exclaimed when Eric closed the door behind him and walked into the centre of the room. "Now you're going to get what's coming to you, and you'd best take it without a whimper."

With that he grabbed the boy by the collar with one hand and clubbed him with his fist until both of the lad's eyes were black and his jaws and cheeks frightfully bruised. It was an unmerciful beating, and when Eric was finally released he was barely able to walk from the room.

Once back in the forecastle he made simple plans for an escape. Putting on three shirts, two pair of pants and wrapping up his odds and ends of clothing in a bag, he sneaked up to the deck and hurried over to the gangplank. Just as he reached the dock, someone saw him from the boat and called upon him to stop. But Eric was not in the stopping mood. He redoubled his efforts for a get-away, and was soon in a main thoroughfare and across the West India docks.

Eric had made his escape. He was adrift in London.

CHAPTER XI.—Adrift in London

Eric lost no time in making his escape from the ship. After crossing the docks and walking along under a long, dark bridge he came to a brightly lighted boulevard and boarded the first of a string of double-decked cars that came rolling along through the heavy traffic. Where he was going, he knew not. What concerned him, then, was the matter of putting distance between the boat, and those aboard, and himself.

ERIC, THE VIKING BOY

Continued from Page Sixteen

The seat that Eric chose was on the second deck of the bus and well to the front. From this point he could look far ahead as well as to left and right, and he kept his eyes open for a Norwegian consul's sign. Surely, he thought, there must be several in a city the size of London. But none came within sight and he was a bewildered boy when the bus came to a stop at the end of the line and the conductor ordered him off.

Eric tried to explain, with his few words of broken English, just where he wanted to go. But the conductor, who was big of frame but short of intelligence, could not or would not understand, and the lad left the bus to wander, he knew not where. Many blocks were covered between midnight and 6 a.m., some through the business districts and others along the brick-fronted residences, and morning found Eric completely tired out.

Asleep on a Doorstep

At last he decided to rest on the doorstep of a large house. He only intended to stop for a moment and

spick-and-span kitchen and washed himself at the sink. The woman, in the meantime, bustled around the stove and set the table and within a short time she and the boy were sitting down to a steaming hot breakfast of porridge and tea.

"Best I've had since I left home," Eric put in between the first few bites. "It's a rare treat and I'll not soon forget you."

"Never you mind a bit," she said. "It's been a pleasure to meet a boy from back home and I'll take you to the consul's office with me later. But lad—"

And she sat back in her chair and roared with laughter.

"What on earth have you ever got on? It looks like two shirts—it is!—and what's this sticking out from underneath your coat?"

"Wasn't much of a laughing matter once," Eric answered. And he told her of his recent experience with the mate and the beating he was forced to undergo in the captain's cabin.

"Shame on them all!" the woman



"She took hold of his collar and shook him briskly."

then hurry along in his quest for the consul's office. But a drowsy feeling overcame him and within a very short while he was fast asleep, his head resting in a corner of the doorway.

Passing workmen, dinner-pail in hand, pointed him out and laughingly went on their way. But Eric remained undisturbed until a good housewife came out with a bucket of water and brush to clean up the doorstep. She took hold of the collar of his coat and shook him briskly, intending to hurry him along on his way. But when he looked up and she saw he was only a boy, her spirit chafed and she quietly asked him what brought him there.

"Speak Norwegian?" Eric asked, hopefully.

The woman's face beamed. "Why, boy, my name's Nelson and I came from Kristiania," the woman exclaimed in purest Norwegian. "Whatever brought you here?"

"I was looking around for the Consul's office," Eric explained. "Know where it is?"

"Sure I do, but it's miles from here. Come in and clean up and we'll have a bite to eat."

Eric followed Mrs. Nelson into a

exclaimed. "Why didn't the mate pick on someone his size? But you just wait. The Consul won't stand for anything like that and we'll soon find what's what. Fix yourself up a bit now and we'll be on our way."

While Eric went into an adjoining room to take off some of his surplus clothes, the woman put away the dishes and prepared to accompany the lad to the Consul.

To this day Eric remembers but little of their journey across the city. He was all taken up with the immediate business at hand and went over and over the story he would relate when face to face with the Norwegian official.

The Consul's office was on the third floor of an imposing building in the heart of London. As Eric and Mrs. Nelson entered the outer office they were met by a junior clerk who quickly admitted the lad to an inner room where the Consul met his visitors. Mrs. Nelson was detained on the outside.

Eric found the Consul to be a large man of imposing appearance but inclined, the lad thought, to take things too easily. This impression was further heightened when he noticed

the man's face remain impassive when he told of the mate's fall into the sea, his rescue, and the beating the captain's cabin had given him.

"Well, well!" said the Consul. "Eric finished. 'It's plain to be seen that there's been a misunderstanding somewhere. Just wait until I call the shipping office and see if we can't get in touch with the captain or his clerk.'"

On calling the shipping office the consul found that the boat had sailed for Methel, Scotland, that morning and told Eric that he would give him a letter for the Norwegian Consul at that place.

"After you meet him I'm sure everything will be straightened out at once," the Consul said. "It's the only thing to do in a case of the kind."

Eric took the letter and promised to leave for Methel that night. The Consul would give him a ticket. The Consul readily agreed to furnish money enough for the transportation, and the lad left the office feeling that he had taken the first step toward "getting even" with his old mate.

On talking things over with Mrs. Nelson, however, he found she was anything but convinced.

"I don't like to see you going to Methel with no assurance of fair treatment," she said. "The Consul didn't show you the letter and it may contain something that wouldn't be just to you. Better stay here with my husband and I, and get a job in London."

"No, I don't think so," Eric replied. "I've started to fight this thing through and I don't feel like stopping now. Besides, I can't see how I can lose and I'll let you know how things turn out in a day or so."

On returning to the house Mrs. Nelson prepared a meal for the lad and then helped him pack his few belongings for the long trip north. Late in the evening she accompanied him to the station and waved a last good-bye as his train moved away.

Eric was off on his first long train ride. As he was being carried away from London, the lad was particularly interested in watching the country side. He took stock of the fields, the shady lanes and little towns, compared them with his own native Norway, and thought of how he would have liked to transfer his mother and father, his brothers and sisters, from their own little home to one of the villages that appeared now and then through a long lane of trees or at the top of a far-away hill.

Early in the evening Nottingham was reached and later on Sheffield and Eric was disappointed when he found that he could see but little from the railway coaches. As mid-night approached, a driving rain began to fall and the air became chilled. Eric drew his coat closer about him and tried to sleep.

When the train pulled into the station at Edinburgh, Eric found there was to be a wait of thirty minutes and he went inside the depot and stood close to a circular store in the center. Several other men and women were also standing around and Eric was agreeably surprised to find that two of the men were speaking Norwegian. He entered into conversation with them, and when his train pulled out, one of the men, middle-aged and of weather-beaten face, joined him in his car. Eric told his companion something about himself and his reason for going to Methel.

Warned to go Slow

"I'll bring the mate to justice as sure as anything," Eric finally declared. "He hasn't a chance to cheat himself."

"Don't be too sure," the man replied. "People are not all as honest as they might be, and you might have a hard job convincing the Consul that you are in the right. Anyway, I wouldn't build my hopes too high."

"Take my own case as the way I came to London. I was a poor fellow from Alaska with my pockets full of gold. But other people have been full of my good fortune and robbed me of all I had. For a time I tried to bring the thieves to justice, but they escaped me and I'm returning home empty-handed."

(To be continued)

HELP US FIND?

The Salvation Army will search for missing persons in any part of the globe, and as far as possible, assist anyone in difficulty. Address Colonel H. Otway, James and Albert Streets, Toronto, making "Enquiry" on the Envelope. One dollar should, where possible, be sent with each enquiry, to help defray expenses.

NOTICE

IF GEORGE SAMUEL CARTER is still alive, his daughter would like to get in touch with him. He was a steward on the Elder-Dempster boats, 1909-11, after which he was a night watchman at a hotel. There was a rumor that he joined the "Empress of Ireland," either as a third-class passenger or a steward in the third-class department. This vessel was lost in the St. Lawrence. Nothing has been heard from Carter in the years since.

Anyone having news of him will please communicate with the Dominion Secretary of the Navy League, Toronto, Ontario, Canada.

—Foreign papers please copy.

SHIPTON, Dolly—Late of Birmingham, England, age 25, height 5 ft. 4 in. brown hair, blue eyes, scar on right arm. Engaged as a steel pen raiser. Mother anxious for news. L15664

JONES, William Charles ("Midnight Slim")—Age 68, by profession a Schoolmaster, later a cattle rancher, but now believed to be a general pedlar. Single, blind in left eye, native of Aberton, near Colchester, England. In 1885 he left England for Canada, and has been in Toronto or district, good news awaits. Fifty dollars (\$50.00) reward for the person first supplying such information as will afford satisfactory proof whether dead or alive. L15674

CUMMINGS, Mona or Mairé—Age 61, height 5 ft., black hair, grey or blue eyes, robust complexion. Irish by birth. Has been missing since February, 1913; was a domestic. Any news will be appreciated. L15684

KILLETT, Peter Michael—Age 45, height 5 ft. 5 in., heavy build, dark brown hair, blue eyes; has been missing four years from Chicago. Talked of coming on a farm in Canada. L15536

DAVIDSON, Albert J.—Has been missing since September, 1923. Was supposed to have settled near the Canadian border; age 27, height 5 ft. 8 in., dark brown hair, brown eyes, tan complexion. A native of Aberdeen, Scotland. L15527

MOON, Irene Mable (nee Irene Hancock; alias Jones or Horn)—Age 27, height 5 ft. 2 in., dark straight hair, brown eyes, dark complexion, native of England. Has been missing since August, 1923. Lived in Montreal. L15541

WILSON, Mrs. James—Information wanted of the above woman, 44 years of age, height 5 ft., wears glasses, very dark, belongs to Inverness, Scotland. L15541

BREKKEN, Adolf Left—Single, born in Orkade, Norway, age 22, medium height, brown hair, blue eyes, missing since February, 1924. Worked in Saskatchewan. May be in vicinity of Montreal. Parents anxious for news. L15518

ANDERSON, Robert—Left Brooklyn Ferry, Dundee, for Montreal in February, 1921. Thirty-one years of age, height 6 ft., fair complexion, fair hair, light blue eyes, worked for engineering and bolting firm. L15731

MOFFETT, Joseph Michael—Scotch-Irish, age 38, height 5 ft. 10 in., dark hair, brown eyes, dark complexion. Worked on railroads, slight turn in one eye; heard from in 1917, from General Delivery, Detroit, Mich. May have gone to Canada. Mother in Scotland anxious for news, also sister in New York City. L15731

SMITH, Herbert (Eddy)—Last address, 25 Frederica St., Port William, Ont. Emigrated to Canada from Nottingham, England, on C.P.R. steamer, May 1914, July 6th, 1923; age 19, fair hair, blue eyes, height 5 ft. 8 in. Widowed mother in England anxious for news. "Eddie," please write.

OCEAN TRAVEL

Officers, Soldiers, and friends of The Salvation Army, who wish to go to Europe, will find it distinctly to their advantage to book passage with The Salvation Army Immigration Department.

Bookings from the British Isles can also be arranged. Address your communication to:

The Resident Secretary,

24 University St., Montreal

BRIGADIER J. F. SOUTHAL,

20 Albert St., Toronto

COMMANDANT L. L. SMITH,

285 Ontario St., London

ADJUTANT LINDSAY,

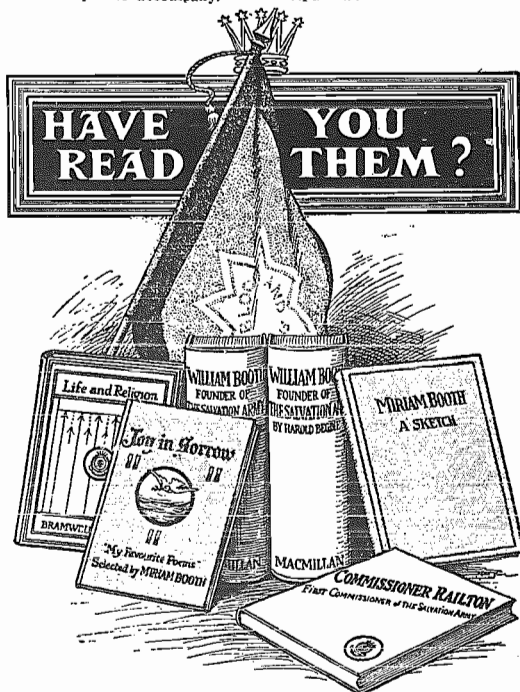
163 Barrington St., Halifax, N.S.

COMING EVENTS

COMMISSIONER AND MRS. SOWTON

Port Colborne—Sun., Sept. 13th.
Temple—Wed., Sept. 16th (Paraveil of Colonel and Mrs. Otway).
Temple—Sun., Sept. 20th (Welcome of Cadets).
Danforth—Sun., Sept. 27th, at 11 a.m.
Earlscourt—Sun., Sept. 27th, at 3 p.m.
Lisgar Street—Sun., Sept. 27th, at 7 p.m.
Colonel Adby will accompany.

COLONEL MILLER: St. Catharines, Sun., Sept. 13th; Toronto Temple, Sun., Sept. 27th.
COLONEL AND MRS. SCOTT: Cobourg, Thurs.-Fri., Sept. 12-13th; Kingston, Sat.-Sun., Sept. 12-13th; Cornwall, Sun., Sept. 20th; Montreal I., Sun.-Mon., Sept. 27-28th.
COLONEL AND MRS. OTWAY: Riverdale, Sun., Sept. 13th; Toronto Temple, Wed., Sept. 16th (Final Farewell).
MRS. LIEUT.-COLONEL MORRIS: St. Thomas, Sun., Sept. 27th.
MAJOR AND MRS. KENDALL: Sault Ste. Marie I., Sept. 18th to 27th; Sault Ste. Marie II., Sept. 29th to Oct. 7th.
MAJOR THOMPSON: Danforth, Sun., Sept. 13th.



QUERIES

WHERE IS HEAVEN?—A young man would like to know the location of Heaven. He says, "Some say it is beyond the skies. Do you think it is? I heard a man say there was no such a thing as a Heavenly Home. Is there?"

Ans: Why worry about such a detail as the location of Heaven? That there is a Heaven we have not the slightest doubt, for it is plainly stated in the Bible. Did not Christ say to the disciples, "I go to prepare a place for you"? The best description of the locality of Heaven we can give you is that it is at the end of a good man's life on earth. It is a place prepared by God for those who serve Him here, and if He, the infinite God, has prepared it then we know we shall be satisfied with whatever it offers. Never mind about where Heaven is, only mind you live in such a manner as to merit an entrance.

THE SABBATH DAY.—A friend is in doubt as to which is the Sabbath day, Saturday or Sunday.

Ans: The Sabbath used to be kept on what is now our Saturday. As far as we know the reason for keeping the Sabbath on this first day of the week is because Jesus arose that day, and ours is a resurrection religion. God said, "Remember the Sabbath Day to keep it holy." He told us "Six days shalt thou labor and do all thy work," and commanded that we rest upon the seventh. He did not say which day was the seventh. It is deplorable that the world does not unite in an agreement upon which is the

day to be kept, not because it matters which day is kept, but because it would be better if all kept it on the same day. God's Word tells us that "the letter killeth, but the spirit maketh alive," and it is the spirit of setting aside a day for the service and special worship of God that He desires and not so much the keeping of it upon the correct day. God is Spirit, and we must worship Him in spirit, and be ever guarding against overlooking the real essentials of a Christian life in delving into matters of no importance.

THE COMMANDMENTS.—"You said in a recent issue of the 'War Cry,'" writes a brother, "that the Commandments were binding to-day. I would like to know how, then, you would explain Luke 6:5."

Ans: We do not quite understand your query. Do you question Christ's saying that He was Lord of the Sabbath? If you read this story carefully, you will see that the disciples in picking corn to satisfy their hunger, were not breaking any commandment. The Pharisees, like some so-called Christians of to-day, were always looking for something to criticize in Christ. They condemned Jesus because He did not keep the Sabbath according to their notions, and very queer notions they were. Jesus reminded them that He was Lord of the Sabbath, and so He was, for He had power to change it. Christ kept the Commandments and taught them. He had no difficulty in so doing, and neither shall we if we have been made free through His blood.

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(See page 8)

The WAR CRY



Official Gazette of The Salvation Army in Canada East,
Newfoundland and Bermuda.

VETERAN
OFFICERS
VISIT OLD
CORPS.

(See page 9)

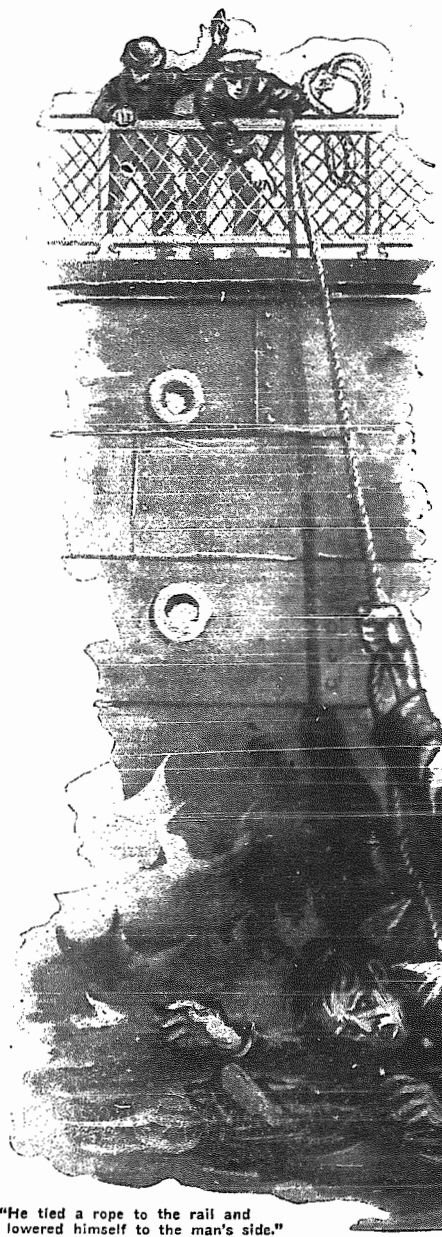
No. 2135.

TORONTO, September 12th, 1925.

Price FIVE CENTS

ERIC, THE VIKING BOY

CHAPTER X.—NAPLES TO LONDON



"He tied a rope to the rail and lowered himself to the man's side."

ON THE second day in port Eric arose early and went on deck. The sun had just begun to rise, and he could see, etched against the pink flush of a brilliant sky, the rugged slopes of Vesuvius. Nearer at hand was the waterfront, with trees growing along the shore and forming a beautiful frame for the whitewashed buildings in the rear. Tied to the wharfs were a number of gaily-colored gondolas riding lazily at anchor, and the lad, who had never seen the like before, was particularly interested when he saw one of them put away from shore and head out toward his ship.

Piled high in front was an assortment of canaries, silks and carved souvenirs, while a sailor man stood in the rear and handled the small boat with the skillful manipulation of a single oar. As he drew in closer quite a number of other sailors joined Eric at the rail, and within a short time there was a great deal of spirited bidding.

The men on deck offered blankets, pillows and worn-out clothing that were quickly exchanged by the trader for a bird or a piece of finery. Eric bought a silk scarf and sock, among other things, and waited on deck until the last of the articles were sold, and the small boat turned about and made for the shore. Close contact with a trader had made him eager to see something of the city and the people, and he was one of the first to ask the engineer for a pass to go ashore that night.

YIELDS TO TEMPTATION

Shortly after the evening meal a number of small skiffs came out to the boat, and Eric, with four or five chums, got in the first one and was rowed to the docks. The sailors had just been paid, and, sailor-fashion, seemed to be anxious to get rid of their money as soon as possible. Frequent stops were made at the various shops along the boulevard, and when midnight came on they were all tired and loaded down with their purchases, mostly brightly colored things which they intended to take back home.

It was finally decided to make a last stop at one of the cafes. When his mates first spoke of going in for a drink or two Eric was slow to agree, realizing how bitter his father had been against anything that had to do with liquor in any form. Constant chiding, however, induced him to agree at last to go in with the rest, but only, as he put it, "to look around."

Passing through a pair of swinging doors the party entered a high-ceilinged room that had a bar at one end and tables down both sides and along the back. A stairway at the rear led to a small balcony, where other people were sitting.

Eric and the other sailor boys went back to the balcony, where they could get a good view of everything that went on through the hazy smoke. Sitting at the tables were men and women who sipped their wine and chattered so that the lad was almost ready to believe that they were all talking at one and the same time.

Presently one of the bar maids set down bottles and glasses at the sailors' table. Eric was positive in his refusal to take so much as a sip at first, but pressure from one of the older boys caused him to give in and take "just one glass." One led to another and Eric, poor lad, was shaky of leg and uncertain of eye when the company finally broke up and they went back to the ship.

The following morning, when Eric realized what he had done, he was filled with remorse, and there and then resolved that he'd never make a fool of himself again. Not only that, but he stayed on the ship during the ten days she was in port, and never again asked for a pass or associated with any of the wilder boys who were sneaking the wine aboard.

Upon leaving Naples, the ship steamed for Grimsby, England, where Eric decided to ask for his pay and ship away on another trans-Atlantic steamer. This was easier said than done, however, and the lad had spent the greater part of his pay before he finally got a job as a deck hand aboard a Scandinavian vessel, bound for Hogshead.

For the following six months Eric's travels took him to Denmark, the Faroe Islands and various points in Iceland, and he was heartily sick of adventuring in the far north when his boat, the "Katie D," finally landed in England again.

(Continued on page 14)

"The PEN is Mightier than the SWORD"



This is an ancient proverb but it has been proven true a thousand times over.

The work of the pen is powerful—incalculably so. It reaches audiences far beyond the scope of human eloquence. It may enlighten the mind or enflame religious revival.

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garding some spiritual topic into writing. A meeting, a sermon, or a testimony may warm your heart. Join down your inspirations. "The War Cry" is a hungry weekly. Will you not recruit in our regiment of contributors and help feed this hungry paper-mortal?

The Editor thanks you heartily in advance.